



# THE DARJEELING DISASTER

ITS BRIGHT SIDE



THE TRIUMPH  
OF THE  
SIX LEE CHILDREN



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## THE TRIUMPH

OF THE

SIX LEE CHILDREN

BY THE

REV. F. W. WARNE, B.D.

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CALCUTTA:

THE METHODIST PUBLISHING HOUSE  
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1900.



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## PREFACE

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I have had the pleasure and honour of being the pastor of the "Lee family" since their return to India in 1894, and secretary to the Arcadia Girls' School from its beginning. I was with Mr. and Mrs. Lee through all the unspeakable experiences herein portrayed, I went with them to Darjeeling after the disaster; was with them as they waited with their son, Wilbur, while he told the story of the children's triumph; when he entered into rest, attended his funeral, and returned with them to their lonely Calcutta home.

Suggestions were made that some one should write an account of the Darjeeling disaster so far as it concerns the Lee children and the Arcadia School. In this school and in "Mall Villa" (where the Lee children met their death) popular interest centred because in these buildings only were the lives of American and English children lost. My relation to the family and school singled me out as the one who should prepare the memorial volume.

In endeavouring to carry out the suggestion, I have been happy in persuading Mrs. Lee to write the life-story of each of her bright, merry, Christian children, and these chapters will appear as written by her, a tribute of love to her darling children from their loving, sorrowing mother.

The Lee children in their religious life were exemplary, and their mother has told the story so as to reveal the secret of their training in such a way that it can be understood and may be imitated by other parents.

If this book helps other parents and children to a higher ideal, and interests its readers in the salvation of the Bengali girls, a work to which this family was consecrated, and in which the parents are still actively engaged, the purpose for which it has been written will be accomplished.

With a prayer that they may aid in furthering the will of the Master in this mysterious providence, these hastily written pages are sent forth.

FRANK W. WARNE,  
*Pastor, Methodist Episcopal Church.*

*Calcutta, Feb. 6th, 1900.*



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## CHAPTER I.

### THE FIRST NEWS IN CALCUTTA.

“Both Safe at Grand Hotel. Ida Villa Destroyed.” Two gentlemen were waiting at my home for an explanation of the above telegram when I came in to dinner at 7 P.M. September 25th. They supposed I could explain how “Ida Villa” had been destroyed as it stood on the mountain side at Darjeeling, just above Arcadia, in which we had our Darjeeling Girls’ School. It was my first intimation of any thing out of the ordinary. I remember saying, as a first thought, “If there had been an earthquake we would have felt it, or would have had the news; there must have been a fire”. “Ida Villa” could have burned and Arcadia could have escaped, I thought, and was only slightly anxious; but *I was anxious*.

My servant came in and I asked: “Has a telegram come for me?” “Yes, sahib, but the man would not leave it without a receipt.” I knew then that there was trouble, but what? While we stood bewildered, another gentleman,



whose daughter was in Arcadia, arrived with a telegram he had received. It read, "Heavy landslide, Winnie safe, coming by first train." "Winnie," his daughter, was in Arcadia; my own wife and daughter were in Arcadia. Are they safe? What is in the undelivered telegram? were the questions that came rushing to my mind. The cause of the destruction of "Ida Villa" had been explained, but how "heavy" the "landslide," I did not know.

I hastened to the telegraph office for the missing telegram, but could get no trace of it. I then, with a burden of fear and uncertainty, hurried to several newspaper offices, and learned that the following telegram had been sent from the Commissioner at Darjeeling to the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal :—

"Mall Villas destroyed, lives lost as follows :  
D. H. Lee's children, eldest girl found dead, eldest boy saved, rest missing. At Ida Villa, Phœbe and Ruth Wallace, Eric Anderson, all dead."

These lost children were pupils of Arcadia, situated just below "Ida Villa." How they got to "Ida Villa," and what about the rest, was all a mystery. I mused. Lee's children all dead

but one ! How can I tell it ? How can they bear it ? My wife and child must be alive because their names are not among the dead. Then the many possible conditions between being dead and having escaped without injury were in my mind. Who else has suffered ? I was not told of sweet Violet Pringle, and did not know of her death until next morning when her name appeared in the papers. I hastened toward home, and on my way met Rev. Herbert Anderson, India Secretary of the Baptist Mission. He had received a telegram stating that his "dear boy Eric" had been killed, but he was still hoping that it was not true. It was my painful duty in the darkness of the night to confirm the sad news, and see him clasp his head with both hands, and to hear him pray : "O God, help his poor mother." None but those who have had such news concerning their own can understand its crushing power. I had to hasten on to the Deaconess Home in which Mr. and Mrs. Lee were then living, and, How shall I tell them, was the uppermost thought. When I arrived at the home, I met Miss Maxey and Miss Blair, two deaconesses, at the door. Let Miss Blair describe what followed :

“A message had come for Mrs. Robinson, and Miss Maxey and I started out to take it across to her. Mr. Warne, just returned from the telegraph office, met us ; his face was drawn, I thought, with anxiety for his own. He seized the envelope, tore it open, and read, ‘Flora (Robinson) safe. Coming by first train.’ No news of his family. Miss Maxey went in with the message, and Mr. Warne, motioning me aside, said in a voice trembling with emotion, ‘All the Lee children, except Wilbur, are dead!’ Oh, those terrible words ! It could not be—surely it could not be ! My heart cried out against it. Vida, brave, womanly Vida, caring with a mother’s tenderness for her younger brothers and sisters ; Lois, the darling and joy of all their hearts ; Herbert, and quaint, sweet little Ada ; and baby Esther, just past her fifth birthday ; that they had all gone, in a moment, like the puff of a candle, seemed beyond belief. But how to tell the poor parents,—should we tell them at once, or wait till the statement was verified?”

We went out, Miss Maxey and Miss Blair to take the good news to Mrs. Robinson, wife of the Editor of the *Indian Witness*, while I hastened to my home, behind the church, to see



if any other news had arrived, only to be disappointed. On my return, in the shade behind the church I met Mr. Lee. "Have you any news?" were his first words. "Yes," I said, "terrible landslips, Eric Anderson, Phœbe and Ruth Wallace killed, but no news of my people, and nothing definite about the rest in the school." His thought was of his own, and he at once asked: "Any news of our children?" The dreaded time when the terrible news must be told had come. By this time we were out of the shade of the church and under the light of the street lamp. I tried to break it gently, and answered: "Yes, Brother Lee, there is some news. The house in which your children were is gone." He seemed to know the rest, for in an instant his erect and alert form was bowed, as if he were a man of eighty years, and with feeble, tottering steps, not uttering a word, he moved off through the darkness toward the Deaconess Home. Afterward he said to me: "I thought you would fall to the earth when you told me the house was gone."

At this moment, Miss Maxey and Miss Blair were coming across the street. I left them to follow Mr. Lee to their home, and I

went to tell Miss Widdifield, and to get news to Miss Craig, Mr. Chew, and other members of the mission. I will let Miss Blair describe what happened while I was giving the information to others :

“We met Mr. Warne at the church gate, and saw Mr. Lee just turning away.

‘I have told him the house is gone,’ was whispered as we came up, ‘I couldn’t tell him the rest.’

There was no need. The matter had been taken out of our hands ; he knew. We overtook him in a moment, and Miss Maxey, thinking to reassure him, made some remark, but he walked on without a word. She spoke again ; still no word did he say. He was like one stunned. Suddenly he stopped and said, ‘All my children gone !’

Then it was we told him all we knew. He said no more but went directly upstairs to the room where sat poor Mrs. Lee by the side of her sleeping baby. There was no need to speak. She saw it written in our faces. Mr. Lee sat down and looked at her seeming still unable to shake off the spell which held him.

‘Are the children all right?’ She said, and when still no word was spoken, she cried out in agony, ‘Oh, what is the matter! are they safe? What is the matter!’

‘Darling,’ he said, ‘they are all gone but Wilbur.’ And then a cry, the cry of a mother’s breaking heart rang through the room:

‘Oh my God! Why didn’t He take us all! Oh, what is there left to live for!’”

After having given the awful information to the other missionaries, I hastened to the Deaconess Home where all our mission people soon gathered, and where we together spent most of the night, giving what sympathy we could and praying with the sorrow-stricken parents. On my arrival I found Sister Lee, in her husband’s arms, looking as pale as death, her forehead cold, her breathing scarcely perceptible, her hands rising and falling at her side, and she moaning out: “My darling girls, Vida! Vida!! Vida!!! Lois, precious Lois! Darling, cheerful Ada. Esther,—Esther, my baby girl—Esther—not a girl left! Not a girl left!! Not a girl left!!! O my God—not a girl left. What does it mean? Did I love them too much? Was I too proud of them?”

Have I sinned? My precious Herbert—no more hugs, no more kisses. Did they suffer? Did they all go together? They are happy, they are with Jesus. Why were we not all taken with them? I have lived too much for earth, and too little for heaven.”

The husband and father—devoted husband and affectionate father, brave man—he held and comforted his heart-broken wife, as if he had not a sorrow of his own. He would say: “Darling, Jesus gave them to us. Jesus loved them. Jesus has taken his own. Don’t weep, darling, they are with Jesus in heaven and we’ll soon be with them.” The rest of us looked on “dumb with silence.” Such a providence would be mysterious under any circumstances, but to us, as missionaries, at first it seemed almost as if God discouraged missionaries and was frustrating the purposes of his best and most devoted workers. The Lee children had given themselves to mission work. Just about two weeks before, I remembered having gone in when Brother and Sister Lee were at tiffin, which was just after the arrival of the Darjeeling mail, and Brother Lee in his most cheerful and happy mood, sprang up and shook a letter which he

had just received from Vida, his eldest daughter, and said: "No father ever received a better letter from a better daughter than I have received from Vida." He waved the letter in the air, and said, "It's worth a thousand dollars." It was dated, September 7th, 1899: and in it she said:

"My darling Papa, we were all talking the other night of what we would do for you both, and I am sure Frank (a baby nine months old) would have joined if he had been here. Wilbur says he won't charge anything for your teeth being fixed. Lois will doctor you free. The rest of us, you know, aint so sure of our money as they two are. And Herbert, Professor Lee, will make home 'comfee.' I will try hard to keep up your work. I am sure God has called me to it, and will be with me. Now I have told you what I did not expect to. I have told you what is in my heart, I am God's for your work, trust me and believe me, your loving and affectionate daughter, Vida."

What a contrast between that scene and the one of which I now write! As the night wore on, and we prayed, and asked for light on the mystery, I began to think of that wonderful



hymn of William Cowper's, on the text,—“Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself.”

God moves in a mysterious way  
 His wonders to perform ;  
 He plants his footsteps in the sea,  
 And rides upon the storm.  
 Deep in unfathomable mines  
 Of never-failing skill,  
 He treasures up his bright designs,  
 And works his sovereign will.  
 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take :  
 The clouds ye so much dread  
 Are big with mercy, and shall break  
 In blessings on your head.  
 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,  
 But trust him for his grace ;  
 Behind a frowning providence  
 He hides a smiling face.  
 His purposes will ripen fast,  
 Unfolding every hour :  
 The bud may have a bitter taste,  
 But sweet will be the flower.  
 Blind unbelief is sure to err,  
 And scan his work in vain :  
 God is his own interpreter,  
 And he will make it plain.

Then we began to understand that in God's infinite wisdom and love he could take those dear children, whom he loved so much and who had given themselves to him, all to heaven together, almost as painlessly as falling asleep, and use the story of their clear conversions, entire consecration, and triumph in darkness and storm on that terrible night, as it would be read around

the world, to soften hard hearts, to open pocket books, and, through the story of their death, have not only six hearts opened and consecrated to his service, but six thousand or more. Thus as the night passed away, rays of light and hope began to glimmer through the darkness. These rays, we are believing, were from the Revelation of the Spirit, the "Comforter," who was taking of the thoughts of Jesus Christ, and showing them unto us; and it is for the purpose of aiding in accomplishing what we believe to be the will of God in this otherwise very mysterious providence, that the story is being told in this form.



## CHAPTER II.

### THE JOURNEY TO DARJEELING.

Among the greatest wonders of the world are the Himalaya mountains, in which is situate Darjeeling, often called the "Children's Paradise;" which it certainly is to the children of a large portion of the Europeans of Bengal, for, when in the hot season the temperature on the plains is from  $90^{\circ}$  to  $100^{\circ}$ , in Darjeeling there is an average of  $60^{\circ}$ . It is about 450 miles from Calcutta, and at an elevation of about 7,000 feet above sea level. The first 400 miles out from Calcutta the train runs through the densely populated rice districts of Bengal, where sometimes there are nine hundred people living to the square mile, and during the last fifty miles there is an ascent of about one inch in every twenty-nine, and at some places one in every twenty-four. The narrow-gauge light engines and small cars used on the road which ascends the mountain has given rise to the name "Toy Railway."

A ride up the mountains on this railway with its spiral slopes, sudden reverses and sharp

curves, passing places appropriately called "Sensation Point," and "Agony Point," as one is hurried up through forests, tea plantations, cloud and sunshine, with a change of mountain view at every turn, until he is higher than the very clouds and in full view of the "eternal snows," is considered by tourists to be one of the most delightful, exhilarating and inspiring experiences known in a journey around the world. Darjeeling has been considered one of the safest resorts in the Himalaya mountains, there has not been a serious landslip in the memory of the oldest resident. "Arcadia," "Ida Villa" and "Mall Villa," the very houses in which the children suffered, have, without the slightest sign or suspicion of danger, been occupied every season for over thirty years ; but an unusual rainfall began on Saturday, September 23rd, and did not cease till 4 A.M. on Monday the 25th. Between these hours 24.70 inches of rain fell. The heaviest storm was between 4 P.M. Sunday, the 24th, and 4 A.M. Monday, the 25th, during which twelve hours fourteen inches of rain fell ; but its severest fury was attained, and the greatest landslips occurred, between midnight and 2 A.M. Monday, when it would seem safe

to assume that the rain was falling at about the rate of two inches per hour. Not only did the storm wash down the sides of the mountains in Darjeeling, but for many miles round the land-slips were terrible.

On Monday, September 25th, before the news of the disaster at Darjeeling had reached Calcutta, Miss Fanny Perkins, a missionary from Than Daung, Burma, had left Calcutta for Darjeeling, taking with her a special parcel from Mrs. Lee for each of her children, prepared with great care by the mother, not knowing the children were already in heaven. Miss Perkins found two breaks in the road before reaching Kurseong, one necessitating a walk of a mile and a half, the other two miles. She reached Kurseong at 2 o'clock, Tuesday the 26th, and as she was one of the first party of Europeans who went over the road, I will let her tell her own story of bravery and endurance:—

“The train did not go any farther and I knew nothing of broken telegraph connections and had decided to send Miss Stahl word that I had tried to visit her but could get no further; and I engaged a seat in the next train returning. I was standing watching four gentlemen who were







Mrs. ADA LEE, Baby Frank, Hindoo Girl, and Orphan Child.

(See page 59.)

preparing to walk through. One of them went to a shop across the street and soon returned and said to the others, 'That's terrible news from Darjeeling. The Rev. Mr. Lee and family have been swept down the mountain side and are lost.' I went out and said, 'That's a mistake so far as Mr. and Mrs. Lee are concerned: they are in Calcutta, but their children are living in Darjeeling. Are you sure it's true about the loss of the family?' 'Well, it's Mall Villa No. 2. Do you know their house?' I went to the box and there I found the same name and number. The thought of returning to Mrs. Lee when so near and perhaps able to be of some service, seemed impossible, and I asked the gentlemen to permit me to go through with them. They looked a little doubtful, and I assured them I would cause them no delay as I was fully equal to the walk, and they consented. I had my breakfast at 11 o'clock, but there was no time to get any food to take with me, as the others were ready to go, and it was late. Mr. Pascal secured me a coolie for my box and bundle and we started off,—Messrs. Pascal, Burke, Pymm, Macdonald and myself. We had seven or eight coolies with us, one of whom had been over the road from

Sonada that day. We left Kurseong at 4 P.M. The first washout was close to the town. They told us that there was a footpath, but we would find it very hard to get through as there was a very bad washout in the fortieth mile (the miles are numbered from Siliguri). We found several bad places before we reached Toong, but the ease with which we crossed them encouraged us to think that we would not find it impassable. We rested at the Toong station five minutes, then hastened on in order to pass the bad washout before dark. We reached what we supposed answered the description, where the railway irons and ties hung like a suspension bridge over a space two hundred feet long. It was at a place where the road bent in, and from a point several hundred feet above there had been a great sweep of rocks, carrying away the railway bed. In the middle of the slip was a torrent of water. The only sign of a footpath was a bridge made of small tree trunks thrown across the torrent. Climbing over the loose rocks on the steep mountain side we made for the bridge, which was about a foot wide. We crossed the break successfully and congratulated ourselves that we had been wise in passing it before dark. Daylight

faded, the stars came out, and we found ourselves at the edge of a washout as large as the other and much worse, because the rocks were mixed with soft earth and water. We had no light save matches. Mr. Macdonald was ahead, then a coolie, Mr. Pascal and myself behind the others. The coolie called back that the "miss sahiba" could not come, and as we neared the torrent Mr. Pascal drew back saying, 'It's too bad, Miss Perkins; we can't go.' I heard Mr. Macdonald's voice across the torrent, and as the coolie reached down his hand I took it and went up and crossed the temporary bridge on my hands and feet. The rest came over soon, and we made our way over fallen trees and rocks, through mud and water. Ofttimes when I sought a safe footing, my walking stick would sink to my hand in the soft mud. It was an awful place. But we came out on the railway again and found ourselves near a native hut. We aroused the inmates and purchased an old lantern (which did service for two miles or more) and some mustard oil. I had two towels in my hand-bag, one of which I tore and made torches which gave us light. We found that instead of one washout there were many after the fortieth mile. Indeed, it was



washout or washin most of the way to Ghoom. We had to walk in many places on a wet parapet, which on the top was only about a foot wide. A misstep might land a person hundreds of feet below. But our feet did not slip and we reached Sonada soon after nine o'clock. Here we rested for half an hour and the native postmaster made tea for us. We had some lunch with us and the hot tea refreshed us. We here secured four bottles of oil and my other towel was torn to serve as a torch. We had nine miles before us, and we found the road about the same as that over which we had passed. At Ghoom we rested for five minutes and then pushed on. The moon had risen in her fullness, and the walk up over Jalapahar was delightful. From Kurseong to Ghoom there was the constant roar of falling water, but from here there was silence, because our path for a distance of five miles took us away from the railway track as we found its bed in the mountain side entirely swept away. We were compelled to climb a high mountain spur which carried us above Darjeeling. As we came down over the hill the challenge of the sentinel rang out in the stillness. We passed on and came to where we

could see Darjeeling nestling in the mountain side. It was a beautiful sight! Death-like stillness reigned. I inquired of a policeman for "Arcadia," and was told that the school had moved out. The man said he knew the house and would take me to it. Bidding the others good-night, I went on my way. It was just three o'clock when we reached Darjeeling; but it was four before I found the house where Miss Stahl, Principal of Arcadia, was staying.

"The Arcadia Girls' School had been received by the Scotch Zenana Mission Ladies, and Miss Reid opened her door for me that morning and gave me a most cordial welcome. We were the first Europeans who had passed over the road, and our arrival was an omen of good. Muddy and wet, I did not present a very pleasing picture. Miss Reid insisted on my going to bed at once while she prepared a cup of hot tea. This early chhota hazri (little breakfast) was exceedingly refreshing. I was then told to go to sleep, but closed eyes brought pictures of rocks, mud, fallen trees and hanging railway lines. At the usual hour for rising I was shown into Miss Stahl's room. It is needless to say that she was glad to see me, and we

had much to say to each other. I learned that Wilbur Lee had been found and was still living, though his recovery was doubtful."

Just forty-eight hours later than the time Miss Perkins left Calcutta, another party left for Darjeeling, composed of the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee, "baby Frank," J. W. Pringle (father of sweet Violet, who entered into rest from Ida Villa on that terrible night,) and the writer. In the journey up to Kurseong there was nothing unusual, except the surprise at our going so soon after the disaster, and the sorrow that overshadowed us. In a conversation overheard between Mrs. Lee and Mr. Pringle, it was mutually decided that God had some very special blessing for each of them, or He would not have so afflicted, and both agreed that they would seek until they found the purposed blessing.

At Kurseong we procured ponies, but only rode five miles, and then reluctantly let them return because we came to a break in which over a hundred yards of the railway line was gone and over which the ponies could not pass. We scrambled up the mountain side on our hands and feet, and crossed a bridge consisting of two logs which had been thrown across the water-







Baby Frank in his Basket, as he was carried to Darjeeling.

fall, and then picked our way over boulders and through slush down again to the railroad. Such experiences became common during the next ten miles. Over forty places were counted where the railroad was either washed away or buried. Then the one counting grew weary, but afterward estimated that forty other such places were crossed before reaching Ghooms? When we began to walk a novel and interesting method was devised for carrying "baby Frank." A little coolie girl who carries bundles on her back up the mountains, was secured, who had an inverted cone-shaped basket, which we cushioned with an overcoat, and "baby Frank" sat in this basket with his laughing face above the brim. Throughout the journey this little man proved himself an excellent traveller, and soothed his parents with his smiles and baby talk. At this stage he appeared to the best advantage; for, notwithstanding his new surroundings and mode of conveyance, he was full of fun, screaming with laughter, and kept one of us busy watching that, in his dancing, baby glee, he did not jump out of his basket. The largest break on the line was about three hundred yards in a semi-circular form, and the iron rails were torn

and twisted as if they had been made of iron threads. Huge boulders had been rolled down ; in fact, the hillside had been completely carried away, and perhaps more than anywhere else on the line was the mighty power of God manifested in the devastation the storm had wrought, and we keenly felt the littleness and utter helplessness of man in the presence of such overwhelming destruction.

At Sonada, ten miles from Darjeeling, night overtook us, and though we were intensely anxious to proceed, yet with Mrs. Lee and the baby in our party, we felt that to go forward in the night was neither wise nor safe ; but we had nowhere to sleep. In this hour of extremity a priest came down from one of the Roman Catholic sanitariums situated close by and kindly offered us entertainment for the night, which offer we gladly and gratefully accepted and we were most delightfully entertained. On the following morning we rose much refreshed, ate a hearty breakfast, and started out on foot, feeling grateful to the kind-hearted priest. I noted that all hearts were touched when it was known that Mrs. Lee and "baby Frank" were in our party. People vied with each other to

see who could do the most for them. We had again reached a place where the journey could be made on ponies, and two ponies were ready to carry Mr. and Mrs. Lee into Darjeeling. A basket was specially prepared for "baby Frank" and a known and trusted servant sent to carry the precious baby. For this kindness Mrs. Lee is indebted to Mrs. Brown. Five miles further on at Ghoom a refreshing repast was given us at the home of the Rev. Mr. Frederickson, of the Scandinavian Mission. From Ghoom we ceased to even follow the railway line, for from there to Darjeeling we were told the railroad bed was almost entirely gone. We ascended by a hard climb the Jalapahar mountain, and as we approached its summit the eternal snows in the golden glow of the early morning broke upon our view, and as we looked at the range, hundreds of miles in length, it seemed that nothing more beautiful and majestic could be seen until we see the King of kings in all His glory. Darjeeling was reached in a short time; and the party separated; the Rev. D. H. and Mrs. Lee to the bedside of their boy, Wilbur; Mr. Pringle to some friends; and I to where the Arcadia School was being kindly and gratuitously sheltered.



## “ARCADIA.”

The death of the four children of the Arcadia Girls' School was caused by the falling in of the walls of the room in which they were at the time. The building was of stone, and a boulder coming down from the hill above struck the house with such force that the walls were collapsed without a moment's warning. There were nine ladies sitting in the room with the children when the walls fell, nearly all of whom were more or less injured. The story of the last day and night will be told by those who passed through it. Miss Stahl writes of the

### LAST SUNDAY AT ARCADIA.

“There are two memories connected with our last Sunday at Arcadia. While the rain was falling in torrents outside we had a quiet, lovely day in the school, and no one thought of fear. The morning service in the church is at 11 o'clock, and Sunday-school immediately after. When the school-bell rang at 8 o'clock, as usual, for the study of the Sunday-school

lesson, seeing that we would probably not be able to go to church I reviewed the lessons of the quarter with the older girls. Miss Brittain took the little girls, taught them the Golden Text, and read Bible verses to them until 9-30, the hour for morning prayers. On Sunday we always spent half an hour at prayers, sang several hymns, read the lesson for the day, and the little ones recited a psalm in concert. That morning they recited the 90th Psalm: "Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations." The prayer closed the exercises, and then we had breakfast. After breakfast the children played about or looked at picture-books, and the older ones read for an hour or more. Then all were made to lie down on their beds and sleep or read, as they chose, until dinner time, which was at 2-30. The time for the Junior Christian Endeavour meeting was five o'clock, and I gave the Bible lesson that day, and the Lord gave me the verse, 'Suffer little children to come unto me' as the one to talk about. As I remember it now, if I had known that four little ones present at that meeting would be taken to heaven before morning I could hardly have said anything more appropriate.



The Lord gave me the message. I knew it then but did not know why he had given me that particular message. The lesson was, first, the sweet story of how the words came to be spoken when the mothers brought their children to show them to Jesus. The disciples thought it would annoy Him, and tried to send them away, but Jesus said, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' Then He took them in his arms and blessed them, which shows Jesus loves little children and loves to have them come to Him. That was the substance of the lesson, to which they all listened most attentively; they then sang the hymn about mothers bringing their children to Jesus. Tea was at 6-30, and after that the older girls gathered round the piano and we sang hymns, while the little ones sat quietly in another room and listened to a story. At 7-30 they went to bed."

Mrs. Warne, who had gone from Calcutta to spend some time in Arcadia, continues the story:

"About 8 o'clock in the evening we heard a peculiar roar which Edith, my only daughter,

a child under fourteen years of age, said was thunder. I went down to see Miss Stahl and asked her if she had heard it, and she said it was the river roaring, in a lull in the storm, but I felt that it was a landslip. From 9-30 we sat with Miss Stahl and talked awhile. I then asked her if I could come to her room, as I was too nervous to sleep. She said, 'Yes, come.' We were just going to do this when there was the most awful roar, accompanied by the crash of stones on the roof of the room in which I lived at the end of the building. Miss Stahl asked, 'What is it?' I answered, 'A slide, and very near, too.' We then went up to see how the girls were in the dormitory, and finding them all quiet, we came back to consult as to what to do next. I said, 'We are responsible for these girls, and I think we had better get them up the hill.' Just then we heard cries and pitiful screams from outside, and on going out, found all the school servants who had escaped, coming to the house. They said their houses had been swept away, one sweeper killed, the washerman, the watchman and his whole family covered (seven in all) by the debris. Miss Stahl took a lantern from the head bearer and

went toward that end of the building to see what had happened, but before going two-thirds of the way she was over her ankles in water and mud, and was told she would be swept away if she went on. We now felt that it was too much risk to remain in a building being undermined by a stream of water. The teachers were awakened; Miss Stahl went up the hill to Ida Villa to see if we could bring the children up there. While she was away Edith and I wakened the small children sleeping in a dormitory by themselves. We went to their room and soon quietly roused and dressed them. None were over nine years of age. Edith woke them, as she was a favourite, and could do it without alarming them. We soon had them dressed without arousing fear, some asking why we woke them so soon. We told them we were going up to Ida Villa, as a part of the hill had come down on the servants, and we wanted to go higher up. Eric Anderson was the last one I helped, and he dressed as if for the day, putting his little night-suit on his pillow as he would have done in the morning. Phœbe Wallace, the school pet, laughed at me as I went round fastening a

button here or a shoe string there that some child could not master. Her ayah put on her dress over her night-clothes and rolled her up in a blanket, leaving an opening through which we kissed her happy little face, but she knew nothing of the fear we had for her and the other little ones we had under our care. Miss Stahl returned and said we could go. Edith and I went with those whom we had dressed, and some of the older girls who were also ready. Miss Stahl came later with the others. We climbed by the sweeper's path, up the hill, the water coming down it as if in a drain and the rain pouring in torrents upon us. Mr. and Mrs. Lindeman gave us a kind welcome beside a good fire in a pleasant little drawing-room. We had the children take off their shoes and dry their feet, and after a time put them on the floor to have a sleep. Miss Stahl and I went from group to group and talked with the older girls, who realized what had happened, and tried by being calm ourselves to keep them the same. The smaller children laughed and played, and one by one fell asleep with their heads under a round table and their feet sticking out, spoke fashion. Eric

Anderson was full of fun and as he saw a hole in a stocking of a boy next to him, said, 'Mrs. Warne, I have found a potato.' As we were thus sitting and passing the time, without any warning, a slide came on the south and west ends of the room, filling it with the falling stones and dust. There was pitch darkness for a time, but when it subsided we saw the stones still falling ; but to our joy the hanging lamp was burning as if nothing had happened. It seemed miraculous that the end of the beam on which the lamp hung should be saved and enough roof above it to protect the lamp from the rain. This lamp burned till morning. As soon as the dust cleared away we saw that all the teachers, except one, were wholly or partially covered with the falling debris. Miss Stahl and I got five children out by lifting stones off them. It is still a marvel to me when I remember the large stones which we rolled off the children, that none of their bones were broken and no one seriously injured. This is probably accounted for, partly, by their having so strangely (which now seems providential) gone to sleep under the table. The next work was to get the teachers out. When we had released all we

could, there was still covered Muriel Haskew, all but her head; but Violet Pringle, Ruth and Phœbe Wallace, the ayah, Eric Anderson and little Blanche Limpus, were entirely buried. Finally we could do no more, and Mrs. Lindeman came to me and said, 'Oh! Mrs. Warne; if some one could get out and bring help! My poor husband (an old gentleman) has not the strength to do all that is needed.' Edith was standing near me, and said, 'Mamma, I think we can get out. I knew an old path two years ago when I roomed here.' I stood bewildered a moment, and she said again, 'We can get out that way, Mamma.' I could not refuse to go after this, even if it meant the end, so I said, 'We will try.' No one can ever know what it meant for me to take my dear girl out into that dark, stormy night alone. I got her where I could get a good, long look at her white, brave face, and gave her what I thought might be a goodbye kiss, and we started out. We could not get out at the end door as Edith wished, so left by a back bath-room door. At our first step we went into water to our knees. Then followed an almost perpendicular climb on our hands and knees, the water striking us on

the chest like a river, and the rain falling on us in torrents. This was between 12 and 1, the time of the fiercest storm. Umbrellas and cloaks we had none, as all were covered in the room we had left. We were dressed as we had been when helping the children. After we got on the first road above there came the most dreadful roar of falling hill that we had heard, or else we felt it more, being alone. The ground shook beneath our feet, and I put my arm around Edith and said, 'Darling, it is the end.' She answered, 'No, it is behind us; come on, mamma.' I followed, and we soon came to where we had to cross the slide that had crushed the room in which we had been. Edith plunged in, and I followed as fast as my long, wet, clinging clothing would let me. I sank to the knees in mud, but got through the first slide; had a few feet of solid road, then came to another slide. I, fearing to go near the edge, kept toward the hill, and was soon in mud above the knees, which seemed to draw me down, and I thought I was in the mouth of a drain, as I could not get out. The earth and stones began to come from above, and I expected to be covered every minute, so I called to Edith, 'Go



on; I can't get out.' I hoped she would be spared to her papa in Calcutta, even if I did not get out. She called back, 'If you can't come mamma, I am coming back to you.' I knew she would, and gave another desperate struggle, found a little more solid footing, and reached her side of the slide. We had a few more feet of solid road, and came to the crossing of another slide. In this one Edith never left me, but kept hold of my hand, and we passed over safely and reached the level road on the top of the mountain. We soon found some native policemen, and told them our sad story of the children buried, and asked them to go down the hill and help dig them out. To comply with our request required more bravery than they possessed. We had to pass on in the darkness without receiving from them any help. We called at other places on our way, but were disappointed in getting help. In our dire distress we thought of the Union Chapel Manse, half a mile farther on, and without a light we hurried on through the blinding rain, wading in water over our ankles, sometimes to the knees, sometimes running and then hardly able to walk, once climbing over a slide in which was a fallen tree. At last we reached

the Manse, and were kindly taken in and tenderly cared for by Mrs. Campbell White. The Rev. Patrick McKay and Prof. Fleming, of Lahore, immediately left for the scene of disaster, and did excellent work."

This rather full description of the experiences and difficulties of getting up the hill through that terrible cyclone and landslips, will reveal what Miss Stahl, the teachers, and the girls of the School, who came up the mountain side a few hours later, passed through in that terrible night.

At the house that had fallen in on the teachers and pupils, Miss Stahl continued, with Mr. Lindeman, working to rescue Muriel Haskew, but finding herself unequal to the task, she started out to find a way to take the remaining children of safety. Ten children followed her, among them the brother and sister of Ruth and Phœbe Wallace, who were under the stones. As she was climbing the hill, she saw a light, which proved to be Miss Reid guiding the rescue party to Ida Villa, and too much praise can not be given to her for this brave act. The rescue party, on reaching the house, found Mr. Lindeman had gathered the

frightened girls who had not gone up the hill with Miss Stahl, and was having prayer with them in one of the uninjured rooms. The first work was to rescue Muriel Haskew. Beams had to be cut in three places, with a tiny meat-saw, and much rubbish removed before she was free. She was released after some three hours of waiting, not knowing when more hill might come down, hearing all the talk of the children and those who were working, and at last knowing she was given up till outside help came. After all this, when someone said, "Give her brandy," she said, "I can't take it; I'm a Band of Hope girl." Little hope remained that those in the far corner could be alive. The rescuers were wet and weary, and had about decided to give up for a time, when one young man thought he heard a cry, and said, "It's the baby. Come, one more trial," and they found Blanche Limpus, who had been sheltered by a chair and the organ in a most wonderful way. Great stones were all around her; she had thrown one tiny arm over her head as if to shield it from the falling walls. When taken up by one of the men, he said to her, "God bless you dear; we are glad to see

you." She looked into his face and laughed a happy, childish laugh, and ran to the other children.

More help came at daylight, and the bodies of the following four children and a native ayah were recovered: Violet Pringle, who was the only daughter of Mr. J. W. Pringle, a well-known Government servant of Calcutta. She had a slight head wound which the doctor thought gave her a painless death but was not at all disfigured. She was a sweet, quiet girl, loved by all. Eric Anderson, son of the Rev. Herbert Anderson, Secretary of the English Baptist Mission in India, a dear, bright, fun-loving boy. Ruth Wallace, a merry maiden of nine, one of the sweet singers of the school, full of music to her busy finger-tips; and dear baby Phœbe Wallace, the pet and darling of the School, whose rosy lips had been kissed when awakened a few hours before, but now were cold in death. She was found in her faithful ayah's arms covered with her *chadar*, as if she had tried to shield her darling from the stones. These two were the children of Dr. James R. Wallace, a widely-known physician in Calcutta. The bodies of these dear children

were taken to the Union Chapel, where kind hands performed the last robing in earthly white, till they arise clothed in Christ's robes. Dear Lois Lee, whose body was found below Mall Villa, and whose story will be told in another chapter of the book, soon rested in Union Chapel beside the others. At one side was placed the faithful ayah who had cared for Baby Wallace.

On the day of the funeral many friends sent to the church baskets of flowers, wreaths and crosses of roses, lilies, chrysanthemums, ferns, and dainty creepers. These were sent by all who had a flower left after the storm. They came from the tiny garden of some quiet cottage on the hill-side as well as from the Maharani's and the Lieutenant-Governor's more beautiful grounds; but all alike bore a message of love and sympathy to the sad hearts of the parents away on the plains, and seemed to say, "These are also our children and in your place we pay the last tribute of love."

Long before the time of service the church was crowded, and many had taken care to remove all bright colour from their clothing. All sects were represented, Churchmen and Dissenters

meeting on one common platform and joining in the service. The walk to the cemetery was an impressive one. The highest Government officials in Darjeeling, with the highest representatives of the Church of England and the Church of Rome, followed the coffins, which were borne by a detachment of soldiers of the Munster Fusiliers, led by the military band, and the procession extended half a mile. The simple Hill people stood on either side of the road with their usually merry faces saddened and quiet,—not a murmur as the procession passed along. The five bodies were laid side by side on the quiet hill-side in sight of the eternal snow in the beautiful “God’s Acre,” to rest till Christ shall call His own (for they were His), as their schoolmates sang, “Safe in the Arms of Jesus,” and the Archdeacon read the beautiful words “I am the resurrection and the life.” The Master’s call had again been given to mothers on earth: “Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.”

## ESTHER AND ADA

### CHAPTER IV.

Our little Queen Esther was born in Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, U. S. A., August 24, 1894. We were stopping in Hotel Dennett, a rest home for weary workers in the Lord's vineyard. We were there at the urgent request of its founder,—that noble man, A. W. Dennett. He wished us to spend our last four months in America in that delightful place, called by many "the nearest spot on earth to heaven." We had with us in the rest home about fifty missionaries and other workers, so Baby Esther had a warm welcome; and after we had named her Esther—saying surely "She had come to the kingdom for such a time as this"—our friends added the name Dennett.

She was baptized and dedicated to God September 10, the dear, white-headed "Bishop Thomson" performing the rite; and we all prayed that she might indeed be a Queen among Missionaries. She went to hold her first missionary meeting, with her mother, when but



four weeks old, and did very well. She sailed for India when seven weeks old, with her five brothers and sisters, and was the best sailor and gave the least trouble of them all.

After six weeks she reached Calcutta, still in a good humour with the world and all about her. Our native people called her Ranee (Queen). She was a hearty, healthy child with fair curls and a very affectionate disposition. Her short life seems like a flash of sunshine. She had a baby sister, whose name was Ruth, whom she had never seen, who went to heaven after being with us three short weeks. She had heard from the others about her, and she used to trouble us sometimes by her questions concerning her and heaven, often ending up by saying, "Mamma, I want to go up to heaven and play with Baby Ruth." What a grand time these angel babies must be having together these days!

She was very fond of the little Hindu girls who came to school at our house. She had a special favourite—a very dear little girl\* Indu Bala, with whom she played nearly every day.

She could not bear to see a little child in distress or danger, and often came to me crying,

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\* See Photo.



Little Esther and her Hindoo Friend,



begging me to go to the help of some one. Esther had taken part with us in a few lessons in physical exercise a year ago. From that time she was continually reminding us to keep erect at the table, out walking, and wherever we might be together, by saying, "Hips back, mamma," "Maintain position, Maintain position, mamma." Her wise little speeches—how we yearn to hear them again.

She was very original in her prayers, and it was a source of great joy to us—not unmingled with amusement—to hear her lead in prayer at the family circle or alone at her bedside. She used often to say, "Oh, Lord, don't bless the people only dat are good, but bless the bad people too—all the people in the whole world." She would tell God about everything. If her bunnie was hurt, or if she had broken her dolly, she seemed to have great comfort in telling Him about it. Once while at the hills, she heard of my suffering with the heat in Calcutta, and that evening in her prayer she was heard to say, "Oh God, send mamma lots of wind." In the last little Sunday evening prayer meeting at which we all knelt as a family together, she prayed, "Oh Lord, bless not only

dis family, but all de families in de whole world."

She was a great singer. Her special favourites were, "Jesus Loves Me," "The Mothers of Salem," "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and "When He cometh to make up His Jewels." She had several Scripture verses memorized. The last one she learned perfectly, was, "Show me thy ways Oh Lord, teach me thy paths," Psa. 25 : 4. Our darling baby girl ! How far ahead of us is she to-day in understanding God's ways ! We seem lost without her childish prattle, and long to feel again her arms twine about our neck.

She was with us in Calcutta until within a few weeks of that terrible disaster. She went up with her papa, as she said, to take care of him, when he went to visit the children, and she remained with them. We permitted her to stay, thinking it best for her, and afterwards every attempt to get her down seemed frustrated. It must be God had need of her and could not spare her to us. I shall never forget our last few moments together before she took the train for Darjeeling when she assured me she would not forget to say her prayers, neither

would she quarrel with sister—"For, mamma, if I did those things, then God would not be pleased." Little did I think that was the last time I should ever see the darling. No wonder it nearly killed me to see her go.

Her little hand waving from the car window as she smiled back "good-by" was the last time we shall see that dear face—until after the night is over and we see her beckoning hands in the dawning of that eternal day, and when they will all run to meet us and welcome us home—then we shall have them *all* again, and forever.

——:O:——

ADA EUNICE was named by her papa,—Ada for me. I called her Eunice, "Happy Victory," saying, "With her God will give me victory in raising our missionary fund for India." Ada, my name-sake, my little curly-head, how can I write about her! I can never picture her life so others can understand. We were so proud of her. If she were someone else's child I should say she seemed perfect, physically and mentally. She had feet and ankles like a deer; was as fleet as the wind; could climb like a squirrel, and was the companion of her two older brothers in all



their walks and rambles, and they liked it because she could go wherever they could, and seemed perfectly fearless. She was full of play and mischief; entered into all their games and races: could ride or walk equal to any of them—just the kind of a sister brothers like to have about. She seemed gifted in many ways. For one so young she wrote a beautiful hand, was neat at sewing, and loved music and flowers passionately.

Oh, how much we hoped for this child in the future! I am glad for the faith we have that our dreams for her are not to be disappointed; that she will have unbounded opportunity for the development of those faculties we so admired, and when we see our beautiful Ada again we will be satisfied to a degree we never could have been here.

She was born in Dell Roy, Ohio, U. S. A., January 9th, 1891, and was baptized the following March 14th by our presiding elder, Dr. R. M. Freshwater. She soon after began her work as my companion in holding missionary meetings in different parts of the country, helping more than others could ever understand. So good was she that, night after night, she would go to sleep



ESTHER.

Only a step removed,  
And that step into Bliss

ADA.



before the service and sleep until all was over, giving no trouble to any one. One night after a longer service than usual, on returning and finding her sound asleep and happy, her uncle said to me, "Well, Ada, I think your babies are made to order; they seem never to interfere with your work." And so it seemed. It was during her babyhood that the fund for our return to India was raised, so she travelled many thousand miles with her mother during the first two years of her life.

When thirteen months old she took a trip of seven days, by train, to California. We had word that my mother was dying, and she wished so much to see me. Our engine broke down the night before we entered Denver, Colorado, and we were delayed several hours. I remember how earnestly I prayed that the train with which we were to connect in Denver might be detained so we might catch it. I felt so sure that the Lord was planning this trip for a purpose, and believed he would not let me and my baby miss the train. When we arrived, to my great disappointment the train had left two hours before, and there was no other train until night and I must spend the day in some strange

hotel. I left it all with Jesus and sought out a hotel and sat down to think. I turned over the leaves of my address-book, and found the name of a gentleman whom I had never seen, but who had written to me sending and offering for our fund from his Sabbath-school class in Trinity church. I found his office was just near the hotel. I sent him a note, and soon after he called. I asked him if there was anything I could do during the day. He told me that, not knowing beforehand, he could not leave his office, but he would give me a letter of introduction to two of the leading ladies of the church, and if I would call on them they would be able to open up work for me. It was a cold, stormy day, the snow filling the air, almost blinding one's eyes. While talking, he noticed my baby on the floor near me, and said, "Is this your baby, Mrs. Lee?" I answered in the affirmative. "Oh, then it will be impossible for you to go out."

"Oh, no," I said, "she is my partner in my mission work and always helps me."

So I went, and the baby, as well as I, met friends who have ever since been active helpers in our works. From this opened up a whole

week's campaign in Denver which we conducted on my return trip a month later. This campaign was characterized by two very large and influential gatherings which did more than we can ever tell for our mission work. With a fresh delicious luncheon for the road, I returned in time to catch the train in the evening, and hastened on westward to California.

When I reached my mother, I found her much better, all of which God knew and I did not, or I would not have murmured when the train broke down and my plans seemed frustrated. This taught me a lesson that I have learned many times over: that God leads us in the right way even when everything seems to be going wrong.

The companionship of Ada, but little more than a year old, on that trip and during my missionary campaign in Southern California, I shall never forget. As we crossed the Great American Desert, and after long hours of confinement in the train, on reaching the stations, she would race from one end of the platform to the other so rapidly that she seemed almost to fly. She was such a mite that it attracted everyone's attention. Even the Indians and squaws who had gathered at the station to see the train,



would call out, "Ooch! pappoose, pappoose!" ("The baby! the baby!") At another time during her second year she went with me on a missionary trip. After arranging the home affairs so they could get on without us for a few days, we drove five miles to catch a train. We had agreed to be present at a certain place in time for a meeting in the afternoon, and had been praying much concerning it. When we drove up to the station, imagine our dismay to find the time-table had changed and our train had left two minutes before. Three or four hours must pass before another train would be due and this would take us in too late for our first engagement. It seemed at first God was against us. I said to my husband, "It will be so hard for Baby Ada to wait so long at the station. Drive us up to Mrs....., whom I have met before, and I will wait at her house."

We drove up, and alighting with baby in my arms I mounted the steps and rang the door-bell. Mrs..... met me herself, and exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs. Lee! who told you I was wanting to see you so badly? I was just about to write for you. Come in," and giving me a seat she began to talk. I found her in great

distress of mind. She had sometime before lost her only child, and Satan had taken advantage of her in time of sorrow and had gotten her to doubting God, and she had almost decided there was no hope of her own salvation.

We had a good time together with God's word and in prayer, and she was greatly comforted and helped. She then told me she wished, in the name of this child whom God had taken, to build a room in our mission house for our native work in India, costing \$300, (Rs. 900), to be paid in yearly instalments of \$50 each. I thanked God for this, and hurried away to the train, and on arriving later in the afternoon I found that on account of some picnic the meeting had been arranged for the evening instead of the afternoon, and that I was in plenty of time for it.

All this God had arranged, and the missing of the train was only a part of his great plan that he might turn me aside to do another errand for him, and in doing this, accomplished more for the work itself than anything I had planned. Now, when He takes our darling girl for whom we had planned so much, although it seems so hard and we cannot now see

why, yet we do believe with all our hearts that our Father has planned it all, and that one day we will praise him for all the way he has led us.

In all our travels before, and when on our way to India, Ada was the favourite with everyone, making friends both for herself and us wherever she went. She was so interested in all the sights, and shared in all the enjoyments along the way. In London she insisted on going with her papa and the other children wherever they went.

I got the benefit of the day's sight-seeing in her childish recitals to wee Esther, in baby talk, of all that had occurred while they were out: "I have been to see the great Bittish Museum. Oo ought to been 'ere too. We saw big kings and elephants, and pitty itty angels wif wings. But musn't touch; if oo do, a great big policeman would take oo away to jail. Then, too, we saw such lots of pigeons, and beautiful green grass—wif no "keep off the grass" on it either. We could roll and play all over it. Baby sister, wouldn't oo like to see the Bittish Museum?"

Her fearlessness often led her into trouble. Soon after we arrived in Calcutta, when she

was only four years of age, a boy with his little drum and monkey came along. Ada was delighted with the tricks played, and the novelty of everything seemed to charm her. The next evening she heard him coming, but he did not stop. After a while our Ada was missing. The house and the compound were searched, but no trace could be found of her.

It began to grow dark; everyone was anxious, and we flew up and down the street in search of her. After a while she was found standing in a street in another part of the city, crying. Some gentleman gathered from what she said, something about the direction from which she had come, and led her down the street. After a while she espied the house, and turning to him said, "See! this is where my papa lives." We asked her where she had been. She began to cry, and said, "Mamma, I only went to find the monkey-boy, but I don't know where his house is."

She became interested in kindergarten work, and the kindergarten songs and plays were a part of our home life. A year ago she became very anxious to learn to read her Bible, and so determined was she that in a very few weeks

she was able to read with us at prayer time. Her papa gave her a Bible of her own, of which she was very proud, and was constantly finding special verses in it, many of which she had beautifully memorized.

Her favourites were, "They that trust in the Lord shall be as Mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever; as the mountains are round about Jerusalem, so the Lord is round about his people from henceforth, even for ever." Ps. 125; 1-2.

And another, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on thee, because he trusteth in thee; trust ye in the Lord forever, for in the Lord Jehovah is everlasting strength," Isaiah 26: 3, 4.

The grand meaning of these verses must have flashed into the mind of this darling girl during that last hour on earth, when, having none else to whom they could look for help, that precious little group cast themselves on God, and His presence was so real that even the younger children rejoiced in Him, and that hour of terror was turned into an hour of joy and victory. He failed them not; He himself became their refuge; and although all material things were

utterly destroyed, our Ada abideth forever.

She had a joyful summer in school, romping and playing, climbing and racing all over those beautiful mountains. Her part in our little Sunday evening prayer-meeting was always very real and striking to me. She often asked God for a new heart, but she definitely sought Jesus one Sunday evening a few weeks before their translation, Vida and all the other children helping her with their prayers. She accepted Him and received such peace and joy that even her very countenance was changed.

In her last letter, written the day before the land slip, she speaks of her desire to have always a pure heart.

We do thank God that our darling is now like Jesus, rejoicing in His presence, and that when Jesus comes He will bring them all with Him, and when we see her glorified body we shall then be satisfied and she shall be ours forever.

When I shall meet with those that I have loved,  
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,  
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

—*Horatius Bonar.*



Mall Killa.

Darjeeling

My Darling Mama.

This is Saturday morning, and we are all very busy, so I ~~want~~ only have time to write you a very short letter.

Tonight there is going to be a magic lantern entertainment and we are all going, and I wish you, Papa, and Frank could go with us too.

I am sewing a pinafore,  
and am trying for the  
work prize.

I am trying <sup>to be</sup> ~~for~~ ~~the~~ a  
good girl, and am  
seeking for a new heart.

Pray for me dear mama  
and papa that I may be a  
good girl when I come  
down. We all send love  
and kisses.

Good-bye now  
from your  
loving girl

Ada.

## CHAPTER V.

### HERBERT WILSON.

If we could push ajar the gates of life,  
And stand within, and all God's working see,  
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,  
And for each mystery could find a key.  
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land  
Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,  
When we shall clearly know and understand,  
I think that we will say, "God knew the best."

—*M. R. Smith.*

With the birth of our fourth child, Herbert, dawned the busiest year in all my life as mother. With four little ones looking up into our faces, helpless, dependent, with no one to earn their support but their father, whose small salary required the most careful management to make it meet our necessities, and no others' hands but ours to provide for all the little wants and to do the work in the home, I found my moments full.

How to keep the little bodies clean and comfortably clothed; the best way to keep them nourished with food suited to produce the best results in the healthy development



HERBERT.

WILBUR.

Not hushed the pleasant song  
That used to greet our ear,  
But 'mid the Angel throng  
Sounding more sweet and clear.



of the entire physical structure; how best to execute that greatest of all missions—the caring for and training of the young minds and souls entrusted to our keeping by God himself; these were all engrossing subjects, which kept me busy, and happy too, in that dear little country parsonage on the shore of one of America's greatest lakes.

I can remember how often my arms and back ached from the toil of the day and, when one was ill, from the wakefulness and anxiety of the night; for, although a healthy lot of children, there came times now and then when disease would make its attack on one and another, and often for days, and even weeks, I have seemed to have to fight death in hand-to-hand struggles. With tears and prayers and anxious heart would I hold the little form all night; and yet how many times God heard and answered and gave us back our darlings again in health.

Sometimes there was a temptation to be irritable and displeased because, try ever so hard to keep them so, the once tidy rooms would become a chaos of books, slates, broken toys, dolls, baby garments, shoes and stockings, filling floor and chair, so that they looked as though (as their



patient papa said) a cyclone had struck the room. But Oh! how little those things seem now, and how gladly we would welcome back the untidy rooms. How beautiful in our eyes would their torn shoes and stockings now appear; instead of the backache and armache we now have a heartache from which there seems no release.

We often catch ourselves listening for the rush of our darlings on the stairs to see who will beat up, and our lonely hearts long for the sound of their merry voices. We sometimes think if we could but feel their cheeks pressed to ours and their arms twined about us with the loving good night kiss, we could work day and night, or dare anything, with a light heart.

It used to be a nightly habit before retiring, to go into their rooms and see that each one was safe and sleeping soundly; and at 2 o'clock to revisit the little beds and tuck each one in. Many a time have I dropped on my knees beside their beds and thanked God for them, and committed them to His keeping for the remainder of the night, and returned to my couch and slept such sound and peaceful sleep as only a tired, happy mother can.

Now the rooms and beds are empty, and everywhere we turn, the blank and silence seem to mock our yearnings, until we walk into the star-light and turn our tear-filled eyes to heaven. There they all seem to gather about us, their bright faces seeming to peer down at us, and we can almost hear them speak, so real is the vision, and we return to our couch comforted as only God can comfort, and we seem to rest on Jesus' bosom, "where nought but calm is found."

I have many things to regret; but how I thank God now that I never felt we had one too many; nor did I ever tire of their noise or of doing for them. I am glad that several years ago I wrote the lines, "The highest honour God has ever bestowed upon me in this life is that of motherhood and the privilege of living for the children He has given me. Next is the honour of being a missionary of the Cross, and the privilege of living for the women and children of Bengal."

Tired mothers, may God help you understand how rich you are, and how blessed your lot with all your little ones about your feet. Be thankful and murmur not, and do not let unnecessary

work crowd out of your life the time you need to enjoy their prattle and play, and the time necessary to teach them to sing and to pray and to love God's word while they are young.

I repeat, *while they are young*. I feel their first years are the most important of their lives to you. My antidotes for scolding and worry were singing and story-telling, Bible stories being the favourites. The hours spent thus did me as much good as it did the children, with whom it was a delight. Oh! the weight of the story, the value of the word of encouragement, the power of prayer and song upon the children,—yes, upon all. No one of us rightly realizes this, or we would use them more.

How proud I was when Herbert came and we had two boys—"a team," as Wilbur called them. He was born August 31, 1888 (on his grandmother's birthday, although but little chance did the dear boy ever have to enjoy a grandmother's love), at Saybrook, Ohio, U.S.A. He weighed eleven pounds, and seemed a baby almost three months old to begin with.

The Sabbath he was four weeks old, I attempted to get all four children ready for Church, and told my husband I never could do it; I would have to give up going to church while they were so little. His answer was, "Well, dear, if you give up now I fear you will never go again." So I got ready and went, and did it every Sunday afterwards. I found about this, as everything else that was right to do, that there was a way, and the children need not be a hindrance, but if looked at in the right light, they were always a help and a blessing. He was dedicated in church that morning by the rite of baptism, we thinking the Lord had a great work for our baby boy to do, and praying for strength to guide him to it.

When six months old he came nearly dying with pneumonia. For twelve long hours one night he struggled for his breath. We were six miles from a doctor. The snow was so deep and the storm so great no one dared to venture out. We did all we knew; still he grew worse. We two bent over him all the night, with tears and prayers, begging our heavenly Father to spare his life. Near midnight the struggle for breath became desperate. I could hardly hold

him in my arms. I felt relief must come soon, or our darling would leave us. We had done everything in our power.

In our helplessness, his papa flung himself down on the bed in desperation and my heart gave one agonizing cry to God for help. With this Mr. Lee sprang to his feet, saying, "Why, Ada, you forget that opossum oil the old lady brought you some weeks ago. It can do no harm; give him some." He handed it to me, and warming a spoonful I gave it to him, believing God had told us what to do, and in a few minutes the phlegm was thrown up. He was immediately relieved, and before morning was able to take nourishment and was soon well again.

Herbert was different from all the rest. From his boyhood he was a child with a determination seldom equalled. He would attempt the impossible, and it nearly killed him to fail or to have to give up anything he wished to do. This used to give us trouble, until we learned better how to manage him. There was no "give up" to him. I used to say to his papa, "The only thing to do with Herbert is to make the thing right that he wishes to do," so

together we learnt to shift the little fellow about and to guide him into the right and then let him drive ahead.

He was the most tender-hearted child I ever knew. He was wonderfully fond of music, of which he had no little share in his make-up. There was a young lady who used to visit us who was a noted whistler. The little fellow caught it up, and used to creep about the floor whistling, and before he could walk he could hum the tune. "There is a Land that is Fairer than Day." How I used to delight in singing to him, he humming with me the tune before he could talk. It was just as easy for him to learn his books, and no one ever taught him his letters,—he learned them by hearing the others recite them, and while only a wee tot used to surprise us by his achievements with his pencil on the nursery blackboard.

He was converted when only five years old. He deliberately and definitely gave himself to Jesus once and for ever in a children's service held at a camp meeting one Sunday afternoon. He dated his new birth from that hour, and never hesitated to tell any one when and where he gave himself to Jesus. Ever after that day, his evening



prayer was a settling up with God the accounts of the day.

Often it had to be done with tears, for his impetuous nature repeatedly got him into trouble with others, and the difficulty he had in yielding the point, or giving up what he had undertaken, used to lead to slight exaggerations or little stories, which he called his "besetting sin." Gaining the battles in discussions sometimes led to hot words. These all had to be repented of.

Our Sunday evening prayer-meeting with the children was the special time of reviewing the week's work, with its temptations and triumphs or failures. Such a time as this used to be! With Herbert it was usually a time of confession, with tears for failures to live up to the high standard we had before us, of what the Bible said our lives should be. So common was it for him, in praying, to break down and cry, that little Esther in late years used to say on Sunday evening, "Come children, let's go to mamma now; its time to pray and cry."

Herbert was so anxious to become a member of the Church, and to partake of the Lord's

Supper that, often, his earnest entreaties bewildered us. After coming to Calcutta he would give us no rest on Communion Sunday. I would say to him, "Herbert, I fear you do not understand what it means."

"Well, mamma, you tell me it's to remember Jesus' death. I love Him: do I not want to remember His death too? I try to please Him every day, and I belong to Him. Why should I not take the sacrament with you."

I could resist him no longer, and when he was but little past six years old he was permitted to kneel with us at the Lord's table and take Communion, a sacred privilege which we have all enjoyed together for the past five years.

I never saw two brothers more devoted to each other than he and Wilbur, and I have known months to pass without a single jar between them. They were together in everything; what one had the other had. Even in their lessons, they studied together, until during this last year, Wilbur failing in his examination led to Herbert's being promoted to a class higher, a state of things which we greatly regretted, and which required much wise management, on our part, on account of the

thoughtless remarks dropped by others as to the younger being brighter than the older, etc. But even this God overruled, I believe, for good.

Herbert was full of life and activity. It was cruel to make him sit still. He was fond of his violin, and had learned to play many pieces for us. How proud I was of our boy and of his straight, manly little form as he stood up to play in concert with his brother, his sister Lois playing the organ, and Vida often joining them with her guitar.

“Blue Bells of Scotland,” “Annie Laurie,” “The Old Folks at Home,” and “Home, Sweet Home,” as well as many of the dear old hymns, such as “Oh for a thousand tongues to sing,” and “What can wash away my sins?” used to make our home ring with joy and have become doubly sacred to us. It seems to me sometimes that I can never sing again until He comes and takes us home.

Herbert would take up a new piece and insist on playing it when he had not tried it before. Nothing would daunt or discourage him, and I used to silence the dissenting voices of the others by saying, “Let him try it, children,

even if he fails." He would turn to me, so grateful, and say, "Mamma, they think I can't; but just listen: I will show them I can."

Sure enough, he would surprise us all with the degree of accuracy with which he was able to execute it. Oh that darling boy! With what delight now that spirit, unfettered, must dive into the unknown and untried of heaven! How I picture his beaming face as he succeeds up there! We had hoped he would be a preacher and do a wonderful work for God. The Lord will not disappoint us in spite of the mists which hang over us now.

He was so tender-hearted; he would give away almost his last penny, and he delighted to take out a card and write on it his regular gift of two annas each Sunday evening from his pocket money for the church collection. He could not bear to see others suffer, and had many friends among the poor, and the native people. He was a great boy for fun, and was tempted sometimes to go too far.

A little over a year ago the two boys went on top of the flat roof which was without balustrades, to play, a place where they had been forbidden to go. In their fun Herbert sprang

back, not knowing he was so near the edge. He stepped off backwards, falling nearly twenty feet to the stone steps below. We were afraid to look at him, thinking, of course, he was dashed to pieces. He was greatly shaken up, but not a bone was broken, nor was there hardly a scratch or bruise.

As we laid him on the bed nearly wild with anxiety, he assured us he was not hurt; that God had sent an angel who caught him and saved him from falling hard. He quoted that verse in the 91st Psalm: "He shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways; they shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone," and said, "Mamma, that is my verse. How good God was to save me! I would not like to have died disobeying you and papa," and he could not rest until he had sought and found pardon.

He had many verses so fixed that he could unhesitatingly repeat them and tell where they were found. He had a special liking for Malachi 3: 16-17: "Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another, and the Lord hearkened and heard it, and the book of

remembrance was written before him. . . . .  
And they shall be mine, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels." Another favourite was Rev. 2 : 17 : " And the spirit and the bride say come, and let him that heareth say come, and let him that is athirst come, and whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."

He was greatly interested in a concert given the Saturday evening before that terrible night, and was busy selling tickets and inviting friends to come. This was his last work of the kind. He was only eleven years old, but could be trusted to transact business, and helped us in many ways in our work. They were both naturally strong, healthy, rollicking boys, and it does not seem possible that we can live without them. I am thankful—oh ! so thankful, for the assurance that they are living to-day, active and happy in the homeland, and are getting up many little surprises for us and counting the days,—not until they can come to us, but until we shall come home to them.

In our rambles they used to enjoy running up a *pakdandi* (a short cut) in the mountains and coming out ahead of us on some higher



elevation, and then waiting for us, and greeting us with some new thing they had found—a flower, orchid or fern. They have only gone a shorter cut and beaten us home, and are waiting for our slower, weary feet to reach home by the longer way. Then—oh the greeting! We can hardly await the dawning of that bright morning, the beginning of that beautiful, endless day. Until then we shall travel with our eyes fixed on the eternal city, and our hearts rejoicing even here in the hope of the glory awaiting us.

“Some day,” we say, and turn our eyes  
Toward the fair hills of Paradise ;  
Some day, some time, a sweet new rest  
Shall blossom, flower-like, in each breast.  
Some day, some time, our eyes shall see  
The faces kept in memory ;  
Some day their hand shall clasp our hand,  
Just over in the Morning-land—  
O Morning-land ! O Morning-land !

—*Edward H. Phelps.*

## CHAPTER VI.

### WILBUR DAVID.

Peace ! perfect peace ! with loved ones far away,  
In Jesus' keeping we are safe and they.  
Peace ! perfect peace ! death shadowing us and ours,  
Jesus has vanquished death and all its powers.

Wilbur was my little Samuel—asked of God. Mr. Lee's health had failed the year before, and he had to give up preaching and take a year's rest. I remember the test to our faith when the last of our year's salary came in and there was no prospect of more for another year. We had always given God his tenth. Should we tithe this, which was all we had, and it not half enough to support us and our two little girls for the three months ahead of us, let alone a whole year ?

We hesitated only a moment, then said, " If we use God's tenth it will be taking what does not belong to us. It would also be doubting Him who has never failed us. We must live up to our principles." So we took the usual part and gave it to the Lord's work, as we had always done. It was not two weeks after-

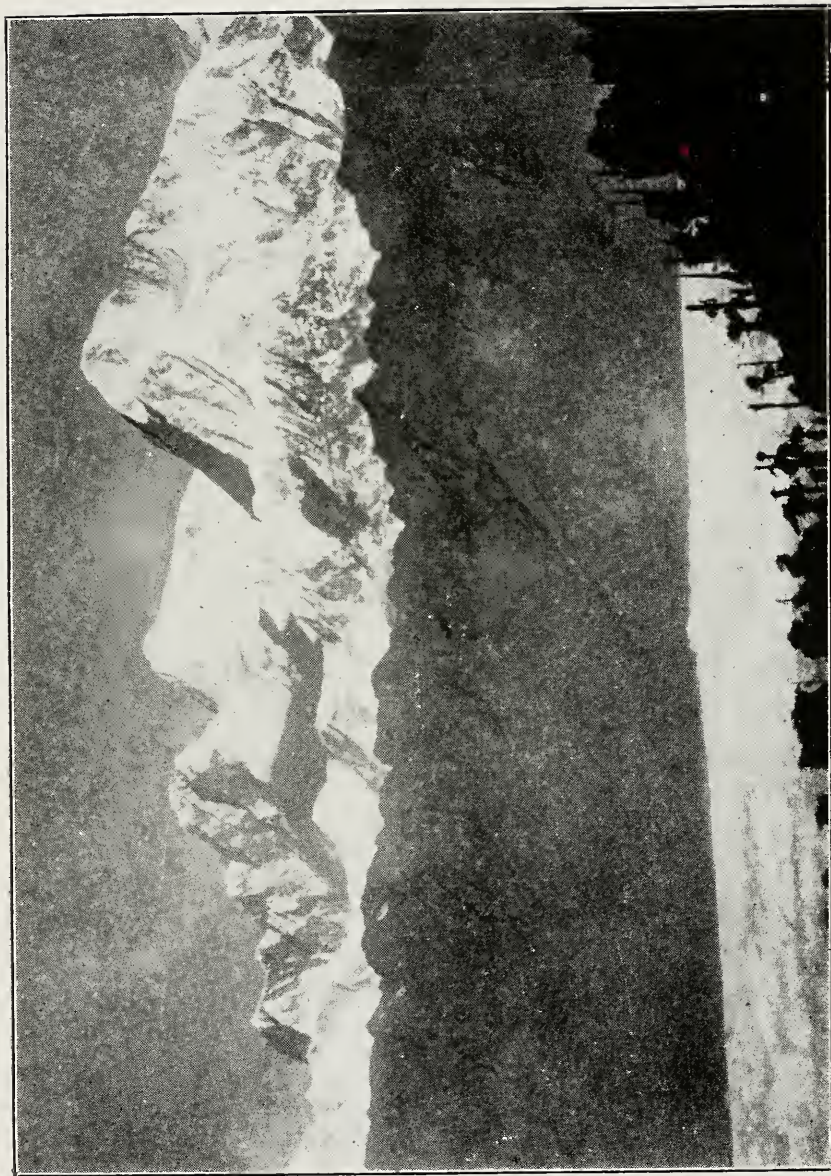
wards until God sent us, from a most unexpected source, ten times as much as we had given, and we were able to take the year's rest. This was one of the great lessons of my life. I never was afraid after that to take out our tenth for the Lord, even if it was our last penny. The Lord keeps his accounts balanced, and gives back in gospel measure.

Mr. Lee was soon well and strong again, but our going back to India seemed doubtful.

On August 26th, 1886, (the year we were resting) in Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, U.S.A., Wilbur was born. How delighted we were with our Boy Baby! We gladly dedicated him to God for India, but soon after, he took ill, and was so ill, that he came near dying. Day and night he cried until it was almost unbearable. He was not able to retain nourishment, and went down, down every day until he was nothing but a skeleton. We called in an old doctor, who did everything that could be done. Finally he told us nothing could save the child, and it was only a question of a few days, and then he left us.

Still, I worked with the little fellow, hoping and praying, but he grew worse until he weighed





Mount Everest.



less than five pounds, and the skin seemed to dry on his bones. He was the most wretched sight I ever saw. For three months I never slept more than two hours at a time, and then usually with him in my arms. Many times I have prayed over him all night.

Finally one morning after such a night, I laid him down to go and get the others something to eat. Suddenly the plaintive wail ceased, and I rushed back to my baby to find his eyes set, his arms and legs stiff, and he dying, as I thought. I took him in my arms and prayed for grace to give him up.

His papa said, "Shall I baptize him and name him before he dies?" I said, "Yes," and not asking each other about the name, his papa took him in his arms and baptized him, calling him Wilbur. Although unable to draw his tongue into his mouth all day, still he lived.

Some kind friend came in to watch with him, and they sent me off to rest. While praying and waiting before God I heard a little cry, and went to my baby to find the change had come, and he was able to take nourishment. I got out his clothes again and went to work nursing him, saying to his papa, "Never mind ;



he'll live to be a man yet." A few days later an abcess seemed to break and come away, and the little fellow, although he looked to be a cripple, grew strong and became a nice, hearty child.

The old infidel doctor said, "If this child lives I will believe there is a God." When Wilbur was ten months old I met him on the street one day, and he looking on our fat, bonny boy, said, "Well, I have seen one miracle in my life; there must be a God."

A year or two later Wilbur came nearly being washed away by a wave on the shore of Lake Erie. I caught him by the dress just as he was being swept under the water. He has had several other narrow escapes. Two or three times in his life he has been very ill, and we were very anxious about him; but I was always so sure he had a special mission that I never feared but that his life would be spared. Can it be he was born for the Darjeeling disaster? Was that his mission?

There is something mysterious about prayer. We are told it wields a wonderful power with God. I have had many wrestlings with God in prayer for the dear ones and the work, and

great victories. Is it not strange that in this one awful hour of their lives we did not even know of their danger, and had no chance with God in prayer for them? Surely, this was also a part of His purpose.

After his recovery, I added the name David to Wilbur, for his papa, and especially for the meaning—beloved of the Lord; and never was a boy dearer to his mother, too, than he.

I found him, when very young, a boy who could entertain himself. Always building little sand-houses, making mills and light-houses, and even to the last, always inventing play engines and machines, building forts and equipping them. He was also ingenious in inventing or discovering ways of doing things. We noticed this on the last day of his life. When he could not get his jaws apart so as to drink from a glass or cup and we were all wondering what to do for him, he said, "Mama, if I had a straw I could suck the water through it," and acting on this suggestion we got a glass tube with a rubber attached, and he was able to take nourishment for many hours. Then when he no longer swallow such quantities, he suggested a sponge, and the dear boy used this to the last.

When the two brothers were old enough to play together they seemed perfectly happy in each other's company. This was a great protection to both. Friends used to criticise our policy ; for we never allowed them on the street, or to play with other boys. I have been told that in thus doing I was totally unfitting them for life's battles.

But I knew our Wilbur was so quick to imitate, that until stronger, I must shield him from the sin about him,—this policy I would practice if I had a hundred boys.

He also learned at home ; never having gone to school until eight years of age, so I am sure the boy never heard an oath until he was about nine years old, and then he did not know what it meant. When it was explained to him he thought it an awful thing, and his whole nature revolted against the use of profane language.

He was naturally a brave boy, and I have known him to stand any amount of jeers and taunts rather than to do a mean thing. I was his confidant, as every mother should be to her son. There would not be so many boys go wrong if every mother insisted on knowing where her boy was and all about what he

was doing, from the time of his infancy. She would be able to save him from many a snare, and I believe if we begin in time—we mothers—we can build so strongly around our boy's hearts that Satan and all his powers can not invade successfully our domain.

He was frequently asked about how each hour was spent while out of the house, and was so in the habit of telling me everything, that should he do wrong or engage in anything he had been requested to keep from his mother, his conscience so troubled him, he could not long endure it without telling me all about it. He was also a great protection to his younger brother. Many a time the one might have been unable to withstand the temptation alone.

About a year ago some boys were trying to get him to fight another, and because he would not, called him a coward. He answered, "I am not a coward, but I was taught that it was wrong to fight; besides, this boy is smaller than I am, and a Bengali boy. I could never do so mean a thing as to hurt such a boy," and he took the sneers and cuffs of the boys, but would not yield.

He hated dishonesty and cruelty, and felt most indignant at any one who had robbed a bird's nest or injured a young bird. I have known them to hide and protect nests from other boys until the birds were ready to fly. Should any one destroy one of these birds he would cry bitterly ; he could not bear to see anything suffer.

Notwithstanding this, he was a great, rollicking boy, full of play and mischief, even boisterous at times ; but the moment he was alone with me, a place he liked so much to be, he was as gentle and manly as a boy could be, always ready to help me in whatever I was doing, —cooking, sewing, or whatever it might be. "Mama, can't I help you?" rang out so merrily on my ears that the words themselves seemed to do half the work and lift the burden from everything. He was my right hand.

Oh ! the companionship ! I think we were more together than the others. His eyes not being very strong, I had always read much to him, and used to help him in his lessons, so that every day we had one or two hours alone together.

How I used to enter into their play. He and his brother were both very fond of soldiers, and much of their play was in imitation of them, —marching and drilling with all sorts of uniforms and make-believe swords and guns. The two little sisters were always ready to join in with all sorts of tin pans and broken bottles for drums and bugles, with streamers and flags flying—the trophies of many a battle. In their play last year the Spanish were routed and Manila taken many times over. How fitting it was for the brave men of the Munster Regiment at Darjeeling to carry our boy to his last resting place! There were no others whom he would have preferred.

Wilbur, too, was a singer, and of late years his voice had become very strong and musical. He was also learning the violin, and played several pieces very well. One of his special songs was “The hand-writing on the wall”; others, “Tell it to Jesus,” and,

“Someone will enter the pearly gates,  
Shall you, shall I.”

He was very fond of visiting the hospital and taking flowers and papers to the sick, and enjoyed distributing tracts.



I find an entry in Vida's diary of last year, as follows: "We were out in the square this evening, the boys distributing tracts as usual.

Wilbur gave a gentleman one, and he, making fun said, 'Where will this ticket take me, my lad?'

'To heaven, I hope,' said Wilbur, and walked on."

He was a very sociable boy. He liked to meet people, and had many friends among young and old. He had such a gentle way with little children, and he knew how to win them. Then, too, he was so full of play. He could amuse and interest others.

He was a great boy to tell stories and incidents, and if he ran out of those he actually knew, invented one for the occasion—such as a shipwreck.

If I would say, "Why, Wilbur, where did you read that interesting story?"

He would answer, "I did not read it, mama, it's just one I made."

When I suggested a doubt as to its being the thing to do, he would say, "Why, mama, people imagine these stories and write them in books; what harm is it for me to imagine a shipwreck

and tell it to others?" Herbert would listen to him by the hour.

While he was a natural boy and enjoyed boys' toys and games, he was also very fond of dolls and girls' play. Only two years ago he was very ill, and had to be in bed two or three weeks. One of our missionary's daughters came to see him, and said, "Wilbur, what can I do for you? What can I send you?"

"Have you not a lot of dolls?" he said, "suppose you send me one of them."

She sent him one dressed as a sailor-boy. He then coaxed me for a wife for his sailor. A few days afterwards he saw a beautiful little baby doll only about three inches tall, and said, "Let me have that for a baby for my sailor-boy; than I will have a whole family." These he kept among his treasures to be brought out whenever little friends came in, and we found them still among his things after he was gone.

He was very quick to understand that boys are sometimes unwelcome guests. He and his brother had a lady friend who often invited them to her place, and always seemed glad to see them. I overheard Wilbur remark one day concerning this friend, "She is a fine

lady. She does not think boys are in the way."

Herbert chimed in and said, "Yes, and she knows what boys like, too."

Then "Hip! Hip! Hurray for Miss G.!!" and all, little and big, joined in the three cheers.

Wilbur was very fond of flowers and ferns. He delighted in the mountains, and was continually finding some new flower or leaf to bring home to me. What jolly times they had climbing and racing! Could other children ever have a grander time together than they? During their two months' vacation, each hot season, for the past four years, they have roamed those dear old hills over and over from Kurseong to Darjeeling! Oh! the freedom and the enjoyment of those times! Is it possible these days are gone forever?

This year was also one full of joy. In spite of the excessive rains they would have their picnics and outings and days with their ponies, often coming home drenched. Wilbur was one to propose their staying up at the hills during the hot weather while we were getting their home ready for them in Calcutta, and he took no little share of the responsibility about the house.

He looked after things, and he and Herbert did all the buying and keeping them in food. He was so helpful and kind that Vida often spoke of it in her letters.

He was also happy in his school relations, and seemed to be studying hard. In my last letter to him I said, "If you pass your examination this year, Wilbur, papa and I are going to give you a bicycle," the thing he so much coveted. He wrote back how pleased he was and that he had so long wished for one, and assuring me he was trying to win it.

"But," he said, "mama, do you know who deserves a bicycle more than I? It is Vida. She has been so good to us children ever since you went down—just like a mother to us. I think she ought to have a bicycle if no one does."

Vida as the oldest sister was faithful to her trust until the last. So was our darling boy to his, and their reward—what can it be? Something far better than a bicycle,—something that fills them with joy supreme. Oh! how we long for one glimpse of their bliss! Just one look at our boys' cheery faces, how it would comfort our tired, aching hearts. But the Lord only took us at our word when we gave them to him, and

had need of them on the other side. Instead of the strong arm of my boy that I had hoped to lean on, He puts underneath us his everlasting arms, and we just rest there until the time for Him to bear us home :

There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes,  
There'll be songs of greeting when Jesus comes :  
And a glorious meeting when Jesus comes,  
    To gather his children home.  
There'll be no dark valley when Jesus comes,  
    To gather his children home.







VIDA.

LOIS.

But know that the Lord hath set apart him that is godly for Himself.—Ps. iv, 3.

## CHAPTER VII.

### LOIS GERTRUDE.

She is not dead—the child of our affection—  
But gone unto that school  
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,  
And Christ himself doth rule.  
Day after day we think what she is doing  
In those bright realms of air ;  
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,  
Behold her grown more fair.

—*Longfellow.*

Lois, “ Timothy’s Grandmother,” as she called herself—was born in Freeport, Ohio, U.S.A., July 2, 1884, and was baptized by our presiding elder, Dr. E. Hingsley, August 10. After the dear old man had baptized her he put her again in my arms, saying, “ As Pharaoh’s daughter said to Moses’ mother, so the Lord says to you : ‘ Take this child away and nurse it for me, and I will give thee thy wages.’ ”

From that moment the care of this child became a sacred trust, a special work for God, and what a sweet, blessed work it has been. How I did enjoy that darling girl. She never

gave me one hour of sorrow, not one moment of anxiety, in all the fifteen beautiful years of her life. She was our joy and sunshine, our never failing comfort. Can it be possible any one so real, so full of life, so a part of *my* life, could be dead? Oh, I am so thankful she is not dead, only just crossed over ahead of us, and is living, rejoicing, and loving us just the same to-day.

But the greatest wonder of all is that *we* still live and *she* gone. I had for a long time thought I could never part with her, not even for a few years to allow her to finish her education. I said over and over again, "It will kill me to send her home." The Lord knew he could not trust me to tell me beforehand what he intended to do, but did it without our knowledge; for our darlings were nearly twenty-four hours in heaven before we knew they had gone.

How can I portray her sweet, beautiful life! Oh that I could tell the half of what her life was to us!

She was unlike any other child we had. I seldom ever had to reprove her, and when it was necessary, just the mention of her fault was enough, and it nearly broke her heart to think

she had done wrong or had in any way displeased us. Her Sister Vida used to say, "Oh, it's nothing for Lois to do right ; she is naturally good ; but it means something when I succeed."

When our Lois was a baby, even then she was no trouble, and was so quiet and gentle. The winter she was a year and a half old I taught a Sunday-school class. Every Sabbath morning I would go into the Sunday-school room and find the seats arranged for the class, with two chairs side by side facing it—one for myself and one for Baby Lois. Placing her in one she would sit quietly without a word for an hour, until I had finished my work ; and yet she was anything but pokey. At other times she would run and romp and play equal to any of them.

She was very bright and quick in her lessons as a little girl, and began the study of music when but seven years old. She used to play the organ for family prayers when her little feet could hardly reach the pedals. Her music was more the result of every-day home practice rather than constant work under a professor. She had about three terms of lessons at different

times with the best professors to be had, but it was the every-day practice, and her playing for prayers and our times of singing in the evenings in our home, that made music such an easy thing for her. There were many girls who had taken more lessons, and upon whom more had been spent, who could not begin to play as well,—in fact, who seemed unable to play much sacred music ; but it was in this that Lois felt at home. I say this to encourage some parents who may regret not having the money to give their children a musical education. It is surprising what can be done by oneself in the home to stimulate in the children a taste for music, even though not a professional musician.

I believe we as parents are more responsible for our children's so-called talents than we think, and our children are much more what we make them than any of us has any idea. I loved music so much, though I had no special musical education, and I so longed for our children to be musicians. I used to sing a great deal myself, and each baby that came was sung to sleep night after night. But we were disappointed to find that Vida and Lois seemed



to have no gift in that direction. I tried to teach them the simple child-song,

“Jesus loves me,”

singing it to them daily, and having them repeat strains with me, but they were neither of them ever able to carry a tune until Vida was about nine years old. At last they began to sing and to play, and how rejoiced we were.

We had a desire that each should choose and learn to play a different instrument, and after the two girls could read notes they made their choice, Vida taking the guitar as hers, and Lois the piano and organ. We afterwards gave our boys each a violin, and by keeping them all at it a little each day they had become able to play a number of pieces together in such a way as to be a great joy to us. The evening hour of music was my rest hour, and their papa's interest in their music had much to do with cheering them on over the hard places.

It is wonderful what an effect even a child's toys will have in moulding the child, and the bent in life is often had from some familiar object seen daily or used in childhood. I have known instances where a desire to go to sea had been kindled in a boy's heart by the



picture of a ship which hung on a wall in the home; also, a thirst for war and to be a soldier, by pictures of battles. If so, how careful we should be in choosing even our pictures and picture books for the home.

We found that our children got a love for the Bible in this same way. Illuminated wall-texts—very beautiful ones—were hung in the family room for this purpose, and those special texts they learned before they could speak plainly, and to the last they could tell where each text hung, and seemed to learn to love it, as it was associated with their daily lives.

So, too, I believe many children who may not have inherited any special talent, would become beautiful musicians if before they knew even how to use them they were given musical instruments to play with. The same might be said about drawing and painting; also a love for reading might be induced in the same way.

The Bible story was the charm of our children's lives and next to it was our music, and the helpful books read to them before they were able to read for themselves. What a responsibility rests upon us parents. We make

or ruin our children by the use of the God-given power we have over them. Oh, that we all felt more awake to this and taught our children the word of God more like the people of Israel were commanded to do—writing it on the posts of the house; “And these words shall be in thine heart, and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and shalt talk of them as thou sitteth in thine house, and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou riseth up.” How much more conformed to God’s will would their lives be, and mothers would have less cause for heartache.

I prefer this way, to that of giving them an education in worldly things (such as teaching them to dance, that they might shine in society, and all the other paraphernalia to prepare them for this style of life). This latter way I consider most dangerous, and while some children may be able to withstand the influence and yet become spiritual Christians, I believe the majority will choose the world instead of Christ, and by these very things we teach them, they will be weakened for life’s duties and totally unprepared for eternity. My one regret is that I was not

more alive to all these things while the blessed day of opportunity was mine. If these words might only be used to stir up other mothers to realize more fully their responsibility\* and privilege, I shall be thankful.

Lois, like the rest, was passionately fond of flowers. When a wee child she used to watch for the first dandelions and white clover. With the latter they used to weave great wreaths and play with them every day. Buttercups and daisies were her delight, and many were the offerings brought home to me, and a bouquet I must always wear, pinned on with her own hands. Pansies and chrysanthemums were other favourites of hers. Her favourite fruit, flowers, books and songs—all seem to suggest to us our great loss. Her songs we feel we can never sing without her, and everything about us seems changed because of her absence.

She was a natural elocutionist, and many were the home entertainments which she helped to make delightful with her witty or touching recitations,—one moment making us laugh with delight, and the next, cry. If this talent had been specially cultivated, certainly she would have excelled in it.

She was a most tender-hearted girl, and could not bear to give pain or see anyone in distress. This only developed as she grew older. She was converted in July, 1893, when but nine years old. She had been attending a meeting for children, at which her Sister Vida had given herself to Jesus a few days before. Lois did not seem to have anything to repent of, as we could see, and we thought she was all right ; but one evening on coming in from some gathering, instead of finding all the children asleep as I had expected, I found them in a great commotion.

Wilbur met me in his night-clothes, and said, "Mama, what's the matter with Lois? She woke us up singing, and now she is laughing and crying." I went to her room and found her rejoicing in a most natural, childlike way. She threw her arms around my neck, her face just beaming with the light of heaven, and said, "Now, mama, I'm ready to go to India, or anywhere God wants me to go." From that time she reckoned herself a child of God, and was always ready to testify or pray in her sweet, child-like way. We have often known her to work for the conversion of others, praying for persons by name.

She and her Sister Vida, although such opposites in disposition, were from childhood devoted to one another. They were together in everything, one not being able to enjoy anything without the other. If one's doll was broken, the doll of the other was carefully put away until the broken one was replaced. A box of sweets could not be enjoyed until the other one had them too. One seemed to be the complement of the other. I am glad they were saved the sorrow of separation.

Lois was, as we called her, grandmother to all the children, and had a wonderful motherly way with the little ones, which was a great help in the home. She always said she was going to study medicine and be our medical missionary, a saying which during the last year or two had grown into a deep conviction. She loved her Bible, and read many chapters daily, as her diary shows, and had many uncommon verses which she had memorized and could tell where they were. She had special verses for every day in the month, and often gave us her "find" for the day. On the 9th of May, 1898, I find in her diary this entry,—“My verses for to-day, are Matt. 9, 29: ‘According to your faith be

it unto you'; Mark 9, 23, 'Jesus said, if thou canst believe, all things are possible with him that believeth', and II Cor. 9, 8: 'God is able to make all grace abound toward you . . . . .'

Once, when I was talking to them about their education, and regretting that we had not the money to send them home to finish their schooling, she said "Mama, 'the Lord is able to give thee much more than this;' this is my verse in II Chron 25, 9." Since that day it has been one of my anchor texts.

In her diary for 1896, we find several notes of great interest to us, such as, "My text for this week is, 'Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when he cometh, shall find watching,'" and in another place, "I am sorry I was naughty to-day; I will try and never be so again; 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ and thou shalt be saved.'"

The following gives us a glimpse into her inner life: "I have been trying to be good and get full marks this week in conduct and in everything (this was about her school life). One of the girls put my name down when I never spoke, so one mark is off already. Mama is is away to the South Villages, so we all have to



be mama, and are trying our best. I read Psalm 20. I must go to bed now; so good-night, my dear old diary."

In the beginning of 1897 we find under notes for that year: "I am going to be a very good girl, *with God's help.*"

2. "I am going to try and make everybody happy."

3. "I wish to remember the Golden Rule."

4. "I wish also to have good lessons."

5. "My text for the year, is, "Except the Lord build the house, they labour in vain that build it," Ps. 127, 1.

On Sunday, March 6, 1898, we find this sweet entry: "I went to all the Sunday services to-day. I got a great blessing. God help me to be good.

'Oh, how sweet the glorious promise  
Simple faith may claim;  
Yesterday, to-day, forever,  
'Jesus is the same.'

Another in the same month: "We went to the Zoo to-day. Mama could not go, so I brought her a pansy."

A few days later, she writes: "I am asking Jesus for an organ." She had saved different sums of money since quite a little girl, hoping

to gather enough to buy an organ. When only four years old her papa gave her a little pig, which she fed and cared for, and when we removed from that place, it was sold, she keeping the proceeds for her organ.

Later, when we came to India, the old melodeon on which she had practiced as a child was sold at our sale. When the men carried it out of the house, the children hid their faces, as though they could not bear to see the old friend go. Lois had a quiet cry to herself.

Her papa handed her the money it brought, and told her to keep it for a new one. Another friend gave her a sovereign, and often even her pocket money went into this fund.

At the beginning of this year we found she had money enough to buy a little American organ which was offered very cheap, so her papa purchased it for her, and she was delighted with it. We took it to the hills, and this organ, and the boys' violins, and Vida's guitar lie beneath those awful ruins.

They each had their bank account, and handled their own money. We find they had

saved a good bit of their pocket money ; for there are still sixty rupees (\$20) to their credit. This we have put into their " Memorial Building Fund."

Another entry, dated March 27, 1898, runs :  
 " To-day I read Luke from the 13th to the 20th chapter. I got a great blessing this evening. Oh, God, help me to help Wilbur and Herbert. ' Walk while ye have the light.'

"'Tis done, the great transaction's done,  
 ' I am my Lord's and He is mine.'"

On her birthday in 1898, we find these verses, taken for the last year of her life,—Isaiah 54, 10, 14: " For the mountains shall depart and the hills be removed, but my kindness shall not depart from thee, neither shall the covenant of my peace be removed, saith the Lord that hath mercy on thee."

The 14th verse is underscored : " In righteousness shall they be established. Thou shalt be far from oppression, for thou shalt not fear ; and from terror, for it shall not come near thee."

These seem to us like prophecies fulfilled in her death.

The mountains *did* depart, and the hills were removed, but I believe the Lord's kindness did not depart from that dear girl, and it was in the keeping of His covenant of peace that he snatched her out of the destruction caused by the fury of the elements on that awful night, and this prophecy was literally fulfilled in saving her from fear and terror in the hour of death. He folded her in his loving arms and bore her away to be forever with him.

A part of her diary for 1899 was dug out of the ruins. It has a few characteristic entries. On June 1st, we read, "To-day I made out a routine, and mean to keep it with God's help. I took the daily prayer-meeting this afternoon at the school. My verse was, 'Call upon me and I will answer thee and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not.'"

June 2nd: "I did not go to school to-day as it was very rainy, but wrote letters instead. I found out that my great grandfather on mama's side was a Methodist preacher; my grandpa on papa's side was a (local) Methodist preacher; my honourable dad is a Methodist preacher, and my kids will most likely be

Methodist preacher's kids." This last shows how full of wit and mischief she was. No girl ever got more joy out of life than she.

She speaks in these entries very affectionately of her bosom friend, Flora, the daughter of one of our missionaries. On June 24th, our last Saturday before we left them to return to our work, she speaks of the glad, joyous time, and says, "Flora came. She is such a sweetheart. I love her so much. I think God meant us for each other."

June 27th "Mama and papa, with Frank and Esther, left for Calcutta to-day."

She afterwards writes of the Fourth of July they had together, and the state dinner, as they called it, which they cooked and served themselves, having invited their principal, Miss Stahl, and Flora, to dine with them.

Her spiritual life seemed to develop rapidly this year, and to her joyousness there seemed no bounds.

She had a way of getting around her papa; in fact, every one. It was difficult for anyone to refuse a request she made. She seemed to make only reasonable ones, and had such a loving, irresistible way about her that we would

deny ourselves anything to please her. And gladly would we have given our lives to have saved her from pain and death.

Oh, how cruel it seems that her bright life should have been crushed out and that dear form bruised and mangled. Just think—thrown nearly 200 feet down the mountain side and found buried in the sand, all but her pretty white hand. She was dug out by friends, and carried to where kind strangers prepared her for the burial.

Then from the spot where she had often heard the word of God, and had played the organ for Sunday School, and united her voice in the singing the beautiful hymns of praise—from the little church in the hills, they bore her all covered with her favourite chrysanthemum, and laid her away, long before we could reach her. No “good bye, mama” nor parting word.

But our hearts would break should we dwell on this part of this awful mystery. So we try to drive it all away and think only of her glorified spirit, happy with God in Heaven.

She wrote just a few weeks before: “Mama—you have written to all the rest, but not to me for



a long time. I think you have forgotten you have me." The thought of not having her would kill me—and the future without our darlings is so dark and dismal that to-day we feel we can never face to-morrow. But as we turn from the busy whirl of life to see the sunset each day, we say to ourselves: It is one day less until we shall go to them,—one day nearer home.

As we think of Christmas without them, it seems impossible for us to ever live through that once joyous tide again—and we catch ourselves breathing the prayer "Come Lord Jesus, come not only for our sakes—but for others—and make this sad world glad. Usher in the time John spoke of when he said, 'Behold the Tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain, for the former things are passed away.'"

In her writing desk we found the following in her own handwriting. Surely her ambitions have been realized and she is now all she hoped to be.

*My ambitions in life.*

- To be gentle and loving and loved by all.*
- To have my secret hopes fulfilled*
- To be able to play the organ and piano perfectly.*
- To be a doctor.*
- To be the perfect model of a true woman*

*March 6<sup>th</sup> 1899.*

*Lois Lee.*

How perfectly she must play and sing now. I remember on two occasions—once on my birthday anniversary, I was awakened from a sound sleep, by Vida playing her guitar at the door of my room. Another time, only a year ago, I had gone to sleep earlier than usual, and was awakened by Lois playing on the piano and she and Vida singing so sweetly.

I thought, at first, I was in Heaven—so sweet were the sounds, that it seemed the angels were singing. Tears of joy flowed down my cheeks. Methinks one day I will be thus awakened by their music, and will open my eyes in Heaven

with them all about me—each one trying to be first to greet me.

When I shall meet with those that I have loved,  
Clasp in my arms the dear ones long removed,  
And find how faithful Thou to me hast proved,  
I shall be satisfied.

*Horatius Bonar*

## CHAPTER VIII.

### VIDA MAUD.

In the clear morning of that other country  
    In paradise  
With the same face that we have loved and cherished  
    She shall arise.

Let us be patient we who mourn, with weeping,  
    Her vanished face.  
The Lord has taken but to add more beauty  
    And a diviner grace.

And we shall find once more beyond earth's sorrows  
    Beyond those skies.  
In the fair city of the sure foundation  
    These heavenly eyes.

The name of our first born, Vida Maud, would have been David had she been a boy. A friend suggested the feminine of David, which is Vida, so her name is that of her father's, and the pronunciation suggests the country of her birth—the Land of the Vedas. She opened her eyes first in a little mud cottage in the beautiful city of Bangalore, July 26, 1882. She was dedicated to God at her birth, and again publicly in baptism, September 10, the Rev. Ira A. Richards officiating.

She went to America with her parents,—her father being very ill,—starting when only seven months' old, by sailing vessel. The moon and the stars and the sea-birds were her first friends, in all of which she took a lively interest. After nearly four months on board she landed in the noisy bustle of New York city, which so frightened and bewildered her that she never was happy while there excepting the day we returned to the ship where she saw her friends, the sailors, and the only home she knew—the dear old vessel which had brought her safely through many a storm.

She began her missionary work in travelling from place to place with her father and mother while they were speaking on India. After a few months she settled down as a preacher's baby, who is usually the centre of much loving attention and kind thought.

When only three years old her grandfather, who lived with us, and of whom she was very fond, died. As the funeral passed out of the church and she saw her grandma leaning on her father's arm weeping, she ran up to her and catching her by the dress, called out,

“Don’t cry, grandma, Vida will take care of you now.” Her little heart was almost broken to see her grandma’s grief.

.From infancy she was a child very difficult to control. One of strong passion, with a temper beyond any power to subdue, and yet a child with a most affectionate nature and of sterling honesty. She hated falsehood and deception with all the powers of her being.

Many times we knew not what to do, and confessed our inability to guide and control this strange child, and earnestly prayed for the day when Vida should find Jesus and the new nature He alone could impart. This was constantly kept before her, and she, too, became desperate about herself, and often sought earnestly. That blessed day came, and she was converted at a camp meeting held at Mountain Lake Park, Maryland, July 2, 1893, when eleven years old.

She and her sister Lois, two years younger, at an invitation for seekers, knelt at the altar together. The first meeting closed without her getting into the light. She came home deeply convicted of sin, and after prayer together and a bit of instruction she returned to



the afternoon service and again went to the altar. She was brightly converted, and testified before a large audience to Jesus' saving power. Her face beamed with joy, and many hearts were moved by her sweet, childish testimony. She was a changed girl from that time, although she had much to contend with, and it was no easy thing for her to live out her high ideal of what a Christian life should be.

Shortly after this, in a holiness meeting, she sought definitely for the blessing of sanctification, and no one who knew her ever doubted her receiving it. Her joyous, childish simplicity in it only made her a greater blessing to others. She did not always retain this blessed experience, but she was never satisfied without it.

A young man, a backslider, came to that convention so dejected that he was almost in despair and ready to take his own life. He was a perfect stranger, but the child noticed his sad, hopeless face, and went to him with so much joy that the man was overpowered by her influence.

"You look so sad," she said; "it's because you want Jesus. Come along with me and find Him."

He went forward as a seeker, and never left the place of prayer until he too was happy in Jesus. He wrote of this to us after our return to India, saying he could not resist her, and that he felt she had been the means of his salvation.

She went to school but little in America, and found it difficult to get along with her studies, but being desirous of having a good education, she became a persevering student. She was specially fond of history and mathematics. She was also a great lover of the beautiful in nature as well as in character. Flowers and ferns were her delight; buttercups, daisies and wild flowers being special favourites. She had a passion for music and motion, and had she been thrown into such surroundings in her younger years she would have been led away by gaiety, dancing and dress.

She was a splendid letter writer for one of her age, and could write most interesting letters.

At twelve years of age she returned to India with her parents and soon entered on her school duties with a persistency which showed that she would win in the end. She had dedicated herself to God for mission work, so took up the study of the Bengali language, and

living with the Bengali girls in our school she soon understood and spoke it very well. She was also able to read and write it. For a year she had been helping in mission work.

She had been conducting a native Sunday-school, taking two of our Bengali girls with her to help in teaching the children. After the Sunday-school she would go into the homes among the women and talk and sing with them. Her Sunday-school numbered seventy-five children.\* She loved the children and women very much. They now gather around and ask for her, and wonder why she does not come to them. She also helped me in the prayer-meetings among the girls, and we had looked forward to her help this year. She at her own request, had been appointed the Sabbath-school superintendent for the next year. How can we do without her!

The following is an extract from an unfinished letter written to a friend in America which we found in her writing desk :

“I am vice-president of our Epworth League and head of the Spiritual Department and working for the conversion of the young people.

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\* See photograph.



T.S. & Co.

The House where Vida held her Sunday School





“ I know I am right with God myself, and do want others to feel the sweet peace I have in following Christ. There are very few young people who profess the baptism of the Holy Ghost. There are a good many converted, but they don't know that there is a higher life for them.

“ I was talking of our English girls, but there are several of the girls in mama's school (native girls) who have found that place in Jesus.

“ I do want to tell you about a little Sunday-school which mama opened away out in a village where the people are very poor. I call this my Sunday-school.\* I go there now on Sundays. First, we open with a hymn ; and you should hear those dear children try to join us, one making awful faces, another holding the notes too long in one place and racing in another place, while most all are flat ; but it is so touching. They are all little boys and girls, some with only a little cloth tied about their waists. We then have prayer, and it is pretty hard to keep their little tongues quiet and their eyes shut. I take two Bengali girls with me ; then two boys from Mr. Chew's school come and help us.

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\* See photograph.



“After the prayers we have the lesson ; then the children receive a ticket. Mama gives them a little ticket ; then when they have four little ones they have a larger one, then four more big cards gives them a big card to keep.

“While Sunday-school is going on I take one of the girls and we go to visit the zenanas where we have met such nice *bos* (or young wives), and we sing and give them the lesson also. It is so nice, but I feel very sorry for the poor people, and I do wish that I could help them.”

Vida was an earnest Bible student,—read her Bible from real enjoyment of it. She often read it as some girls read novels,—sitting down and finishing a whole book without putting it aside.

She at other times carried out prescribed plans for Bible study ; was always anxious to attend Bible readings, working out subjects suggested, and had many verses memorized and their place fixed. The most enjoyable hour of the day of late years has been the evening hour, spent with the other members of the family in music, and in calling up old texts and learning new ones. Vida played the

violin, but her special instrument was the guitar. She played sweetly, often accompanying with her voice, which was so adapted to its soft music.

Her sister Lois was the organist; and the two boys with their violins, together with Vida and Lois with their instruments, often formed a quartette whose home concerts made the evenings a delight. Now there is a blank in our home which can never again be filled. How perfectly they must play and sing together now! The piece which Vida and Lois often sang together, Lois singing the alto, was :

“ In our Father’s blessed keeping  
I am happy, safe and free :  
While His eye is on the sparrow  
I shall not forgotten be.”

Vida’s plaintive soprano rings in our ears yet. They all sang together so often, “Behold the Bridegroom comes, be ready,” “When the Roll is called up yonder I’ll be there,” these being the favourites of the boys. A favourite, and one sung so much during the past year, was, “Peace, Perfect Peace,” and “There’ll be no dark valley when Jesus comes” and “We’ll never say good-by in Heaven.”

Oh, those darling children! How can we ever

do without them! Some days the dreadful silence seems unbearable; but in the morning we will have them all again, praise His name.

For the encouragement of others trying to overcome evil dispositions and to live a true Christian life, there are many things in Vida's diary which should be known. In her diary for 1896; three years ago, she has written:

April 1st. "Had a nice talk with Mama. I am going to try to be a better girl and let my light shine.—'Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works.'"

May 5. "I solemnly promise, with God's help, to never speak another unkind word as long as I live. People may think it impossible, but I do believe with all my heart what God says: 'Things which are impossible with man are possible with God,' so I go to Him . . . . God helping me I try. V. Lee."

Underneath we find the word "Broken" underscored.

July 2nd, this year, 1896, we find the words, "Three years ago to-day I was converted." Another entry on July 4th, shows her playfulness: "I received such a nice little dolly, only

two inches long. I don't know what to name her. Lois is her godmother."

I find in the back of her diary a little play for the youngest children, Ada and Esther. She evidently said it to them sometime.

Ada is—My honey,—violet-bud,—rosie-bud  
Ink-pot,—duck-pie,—curly-burly,—Pearly,—Pussy cat :

Esther is,—Vida's Dumpling—Daisy-bud  
Honey-suckle,—lilly-bud,—chika-biddy,  
Ranee,—darling,—lovie-dovie,—pigeon-pie meti.

So often she speaks of having been naughty during the day, and being so troubled about it. She comes away and seeks pardon, and can not rest until she has obtained peace.

Sunday, August 16. "I got a blessing this evening ; I had a great treat—a nice talk with Mama, which I hardly ever get. I am going to be a better girl."

If mothers only took more time for confidential talks with their boys and girls, how much trouble it would save. Some of us would give worlds for the blessed opportunity again. We would make more use of it than ever before.

Her diary for the year 1897 could not be found.

Her text for the year 1898 was, "He that ruleth his own spirit is better than he that

· taketh a city," and all throughout the year her struggle to live out that text was most heroic, as many entries show.

February 18. "I am afraid I am not getting along as nicely as before. I am naughty again . . . I feel very bad because I have not read my Bible. I believe that I can not be good without my 'morning watch.'"

Sunday, April 10. "I did something against my conscience; I read some in the book, 'Out to the Wilds.' I felt bad, but had a real nice talk with Mama on 2nd Thess. 3: 3: 'The Lord is faithful who shall stablish you and keep you from evil.' 1 John, 1: 9: 'If we confess,—He is just to forgive . . . and cleanses me from from all unrighteousness.'"

April 11. "God has kept me to-day, except once I scolded Mama about giving Esther rhubarb."

April 14. "Had my 'morning watch,' and was the only girl in the class who had her physiology lesson. Mama is *so sweet*. Read to-day Josh. 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14 chapters."

April 15. "I am longing for a talk with Mama. I was helped by reading about His care for his people, Luke 14th chapter."

April 21. "Lots of lessons. I did not go for a drive, but stayed at home to pray and talk with Jesus. I got a blessing. I had spoken cross to Mama about my dress. I read three chapters of Peter, and nine chapters of Joshua."

April 29. "Miss C . . . . , my teacher, is very nice. I played my guitar at literary society."

May 1. "The last Sunday before going to the hills. Mr. Warne preached a nice sermon, and I said good-by to friends."

May 2. "Started for Sonada to-day. Miss Gardner gave us a nice box of sweets, cake, etc."

May 3. "Very sick while in the sleeper and coming up the hills ; but our verse which we took for the journey, was, 'In everything give thanks.' It did not rain, and Mrs. B . . . . had a nice dinner for us."

The following shows her taste for reading :  
"Started to read 'Quixote.' I would rather have a history book, but shall read my Bible first always."

Sunday, May 15. "I wished to read all of 2nd Samuel to-day, but read from the first chapter to the 20th. Oh, I do want to be God's child !"



May 19. "Had a long walk of about two and a half miles. Dr. Mulford sent word to us to keep on pads\* (spiritual pads) and 'keep hips back' (physically). I read 1st Kings from the 7th to the 17th chapters. I feel Jesus' presence."

May 20. "I was not very happy to-day because I did not read God's word and did not talk to God. In the evening I practised my guitar."

Sunday night, May 22. "I read 2nd Kings, the first 14 chapters. I do want to be a good girl to-morrow. I do not feel at all good or comfortable and peaceful, but all bad and mean and unhappy without Jesus. I wont go to sleep before I get blessed."

May 25. "Read 8 chapters in 2nd Kings. Mama sang, 'Oh my Redeemer' while I played the accompaniment on the guitar. We are reading 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

May 27. "I wrote to Grandma Jones and Cousin Eddie. I am not very happy; did not do just right. Oh! that I were in the 'secret place.'" She speaks of this so often.

Again, on Sunday, May 29: "I do want to get into the 'secret place.' Read Psalms 18th

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\* Referring to pads used in Cricket.

to 36th and 1st Cor. 18th to 29th chapters [19 Psalms and 12 chapters in one day]. I did not go to sleep in the afternoon, but read instead."

Sunday, June 5. "We had a nice little meeting (at home). I do wish I was in the 'secret place' and had a real strong Christian character. Went for a long walk in the morning, and read the Songs of Solomon and five chapters in John."

Tuesday, June 7. "I did not have a nice day. Mama feels heartbroken about Lois and I disagreeing. I am sick of myself. Read six psalms, from the 38th to the 43rd."

June 8. "Lois taken ill. She was caught in the rain. Mama is *so* sweet. She says that she believes God will answer her prayer and *save me.*"

June 12. "I started a few days ago the study of the Kings. It's very interesting. I have lost Mr. Campbell White's Bible reading on 'Personal Work.' I do feel so badly about it. I do hope that Jesus will show it to me. (I found it.)"

This last entry shows her habit of taking everything to God in prayer and expecting an

answer. Prayer during that terrible night of the landslip, was not just forced by the fearful occasion; it was the habit of her life. She knew what it was to turn to God about everything.

During this month of June, 1898, she seemed to have one of the greatest conflicts of her life. Satan seemed to beset her on every side. I, in trying to bring it to a crisis, told her that her spiritual condition was alarming, as the following entry shows: "Mama said I died to-night she did not think I would go to heaven. I am feeling badly. Read Ezra from chapter 2nd to the end of the book. I will try again with God's help."

The next day she writes, "I made a spiritual pad for myself. I was a much better girl to-day, through Jesus only. Mama said so too."

June 18. "Mama is so sweet to-day. I played my guitar. Papa still very sick. I do hope he will get well very soon."

Sunday, June 19. "Papa is better. Started Christian's journey in 'Pilgrim's Progress.' Had a great victory to-day. I feel so happy to-night. I am reading Job."

June 21. "We had a "state dinner" for mama and papa (play), and a home entertainment

afterwards. Had my geography lesson, but I did not have my 'watch and pray' to-day, so I do not feel so happy. Read Proverbs, first 5 chapters."

June 22. "I went to see the Bengali women. We are reading 'James Garfield.' We are trying how many new words we can get from this new book. Read to-day 8th chapter of Proverbs."

June 26. "I wish I had not played train to-day with the boys. I did not get a real blessing, so am not happy. Mama promises me a gold mohur when I can play my guitar book through."

The above shows how tender her conscience was, and how she looked daily for special blessings. This she felt she missed by taking part in some game she felt not suited for Sunday. How many of us are content to miss the blessing which comes from communion with God and spend our time on Sunday in a trifling way, if not in out-and-out worldly amusements, or in otherwise violating the day.

June 27, Monday. "I wish I was hid in the 'secret place.' I do not feel safe out of it."

June 30. "Mama went to Calcutta to-day. I fixed all the children's clothes. I feel happy to-night. I want to do right."

July 1. "I bathed the children and looked after home. Papa said, Mama would be delighted."

Sunday, July 3. "I did not take time to read my Bible during the day, but to-night read the 12th chapter of Isaiah. I never saw the second verse as I do now: 'Behold God is my salvation. I will trust and not be afraid. Jehovah is my strength and my song.' 'My Song'—so I can be happy if I have *Him*."

Oh! if we could all learn this secret which our dear girl had learned; *i.e.* that our happiness is in Him, not in the world, nor in worldly things.

July 8. "Mama wrote that she laughed over my letter as much as she did about Wilbur's slipping over the pony's head the day we went to C . . . . I played 'Blue Bells of Scotland' perfectly, and walked nearly three miles."

July 12. "I am not very happy because the house is not very tidy, and I know papa does not like it. I am a real naughty girl."

July 21. "I weigh 130 pounds."

July 31, Sunday. "We are back in Calcutta. Mr. Campbell White preached one of his beautiful sermons in the morning. He said, "We each have 499 souls to save in India alone."

Sept. 18, Sunday. "Mr. Warne preached a sermon on Holiness. I do not feel as if I was holy enough by far. Mr. B . . . . died, and I spent the day and night with his daughter A."

Sept. 26. "Test examination again to-day. My verse, 'He will bring all things to your remembrance.' I do hope I will pass."

She did pass; also passed her eighth standard in the final examination, to her great delight. This year she was taking the two years' course of high school examination in the one, and had set her heart on passing the "high school" in November, 1899, and the Entrance Examination of the Calcutta University the following March.

Vida from her childhood always had special love for old people. She liked to be with them, and in nearly every place we have had a home, she has had some old, blind or helpless person whom she visited regularly. When only five years old there was a crippled saint of His,



to whom she and Lois used to carry their little basket of fruit, or flowers, or some other dainty, regularly. When only ten years old she used to take her Testament every Sunday<sup>\*</sup> afternoon and go over and read to an old blind lady.

Many of these old friends, we believe, gave them a warm welcome that night when the angels carried them through the gates of heaven. She was anxious that her old friend in Calcutta might be visited while she was away.

We all went to Darjeeling together, May 1st, this year (1899,) after much prayer about the selection of the house, and when we saw the beautiful two-storied building covered with ivy and surrounded with lovely flowers, we thanked God for selecting us such a beautiful place.

As we rejoiced over it, how little we thought it was to be our darlings' tomb, and that with this beautiful spot should perish our happy earthly home with so many of its delights.

During the two months we remained Vida seemed to grow more affectionate and cling to her mother, and so much of the time wished to be with me.

About two weeks before I returned to Calcutta she seemed so disturbed about herself, because she sometimes spoke impatiently and unkindly to the others.

One day she said, "Mama, I feel I must get the victory over this habit, or I fear I will lose my religion. I must get back that blessing I once had, of full salvation, or I fear I will lose all."

I said, "Yes, Vida, you must get a victory or your life will be ruined. Why not get it to-day?"

It was Sunday, and neither she nor I were very well, so, while the others went to church we got our Bibles and had a blessed search together.

After selecting a number of His promises on which to lean, we got down before Him and poured out our hearts to Him. We together sought for the fullness of His love.

Oh! that blessed hour together. I fear I did not fully realize all it meant. As we finished, I said, "Vida, dear, do you take your Saviour in all His fullness and trust Him to keep you at all times?"

“Yes, Mama, I do. I trust never to let go of him again.”

She arose so comforted and threw her arms about me, calling me her “sweet little mama” (for she was so much taller than I and bigger in every way that of late this had become a favourite expression of hers—“my little mama”), pressing her cheek to mine with a caress I shall never forget.

The next three weeks, which were my last with them, she was gentle and loving, and so helpful in every way that the joy of those days will linger until I clasp that dear, brave girl in my arms again in the homeland.

After much prayer we decided that it was best to leave the children with Vida while we returned to our work in Calcutta, as we were buying property and altering the house there which would require three or four months.

It was so hard for us to leave them, but the children were so happy going to school together, and Vida was so proud of being trusted in charge of them, and all were so sure they could get on nicely together.

I remember the last night ; I could hardly sleep, and kept praying that if it was not the right thing to leave them, the Lord would show us so plainly we could not be mistaken. I decided, should the Lord send us, before the train left that morning, a good cook-woman to stay with them night and day, I would go ; if not, I would remain until we could make other arrangements. Next morning a nice hill woman came, and everything was arranged and we came away.

Vida and Lois fixed our tiffin, and then came to the station. I remember how erect and brave Vida looked as she bade us goodby at the station, and how I had to harden my heart and call up all the courage I had, to leave them.

Many regrets have since come, but He whom we have always trusted, Who promises to lead in the way we shall go and to guide with His eye, must have guided us in leaving them, and it was a part of His great plan to prepare them for the higher work for which He felt he must take them at any cost.

Their papa returned in August and spent three delightful weeks with them, taking Esther

back ; whom it seemed advisable to leave with her brothers and sisters until we got settled. It was arranged even after her papa's return, to bring her down, but Vida felt it was so much better for her to remain, and we yielded. Sometimes we can hardly bear the regret for this decision, but the Lord had need of this dear child too, and we believe we will understand why by-and-by.

By-and-by when our work here is finished  
And the gates of the city appear  
And the beautiful songs of the Angels  
Float out on our listening ear.  
When all that now seems so mysterious,  
Will be bright and as clear as the day,  
Then the toils of the road will seem nothing  
When we get to the end of the way.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE CHILDREN'S LETTERS

Many of the children's best and most interesting letters had been sent home to friends before the parents knew they would be needed for such a time. The following are extracts from some they still have with them :

SONADA, *July 4th, 1898.*

MONDAY NIGHT.

MY OWN SWEET, DARLING MAMA :—You are such a dear good mama to send me that pretty ribbon. I don't really deserve such a nice thing.

We were all delighted with our presents. Esther still carries her watch around with her, and it is a great temptation to use the cup in the same way.

Lois seemed to enjoy her birthday, and it was not until to-day that she discovered that one of those little cakes was her birthday cake.

To-day, being "America's birthday," as Wilbur says, they each had a pistol and



candy ball, and, even Esther, played they were fighting the English. The boys made four swords on purpose. The four marched, while they sang "The Star Spangled Banner" also sounding their whistles and shouting "Three Cheers for the Red, White and Blue."

In the evening, I played on my guitar, but the dampness let down the soprano string, and there was a great discord. I soon got that right, but how we missed your voice. I never was made, like you, to lead. Esther had us sing that verse over twice :

"When I was playing with my brother,  
Happy was I.  
*Oh! take me to my dear old mother,*  
There let me live and die."

Then she said "Why did he want to die when he got to his mama?" So Papa explained it to her, but she was sure she would not like to die when she got to you.

I have all the stockings washed up for this week. I hardly know what to do for Herbert, poor boy, it is a waste of that good yarn of mine to mend his stockings.

The boys were so delighted because Papa let them go to Darjeeling alone to do the

Bazaar and get the bread. So they two set off looking very well and tidy; they have each grown about three inches since Papa told them to go and get a soup bone.

Papa says for you to remember that "good women" are scarce and for you to take care of yourself there in the heat. I am so glad you left Esther; she seems to enjoy herself, though she does miss you much. She is better now, and sits by me at meals. Kisses from us all. Papa says everything is *statusquo*. With much love, Good night, Mama dear.

Your own dearest

VIDA.

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Darjeeling letters written by Vida to her  
parents in Calcutta.

*Vida's letter to her Father on his birthday.*

*June 28, 1899.*

MY OWN DARLINGS :—It is almost going to bed time but we wanted to send Papa a birthday letter. I hope you will like the paper cutter, dear, it is from us all. Many happy returns of the day; may you have many long years with

us still, as we can't get on without you yet. We are going to try and be your good children, especially I, and cheer you now that you are getting older.

I want to be really and truly your Vida Maud, which means, you know, "your beloved heroine." I wish I could get the victory over self and be a *true* heroine.

You spoke of showing the people that I can pass, but really I feel very discouraged about it, I have such a lot to learn,—but you have enough to worry you and I wanted this to be a birthday letter.

Now the children are all nicely fixed in the train on the way to dreamland. I am trying to be their mother. I only want to wish you again many good and best wishes for your birthday, Papa, then say good-night.

This is a very funny birthday letter, it is only a common one, but I think you will count it as full of love and fondest kisses as a daughter ever sent her father and mother. Remember me now, as always, your

VIDA MAUD.

*Letter written on her last birthday  
anniversary.*

*July 26th, 1899.*

MY OWN PRECIOUS MAMMA AND PAPA:—  
This has been one of the happiest birthdays that I have ever had. I woke up this morning and found Wilbur, Herbert, Lois, Ada and Jessudar all around me, and Ada handed me a slate covered with nice things. I never expected any thing, and they had no chance to go to the Bazar.

But I felt very sorry and sad to think how cross I have been to them so often, and how mean and naughty I have been to you sometimes. How can you love me? I hate myself.

You said for me to be more loving and gentle to the children than you have been. Oh! dear Mama, I will never be half so good as you are. I only wish I could be quarter as good; but I am really trying, and pray hard that I may get the victory.

Lois gave me a set of silver locks (links and studs). I don't think she should have spent so much. Wilbur and Herbert gave me a horseshoe brooch, silver—dear boys! Ada gave me some pretty flowers, rosebuds and fuchsias, which I

think so much of. Jessudar gave me a string of beads. Lois slipped and hid the ribbon and chocolates, so I didn't see them until this morning, so it was such a surprise, for I never expected anything else as the ribbons you sent in Lois' basket I took for my birthday present from you, and I thought the nuts had taken the place of the chocolates.

What a dear, sweet Mama and Papa! The books are just beauties. I have been reading a good deal in that book that Mr. Ross gave Herbert, about Wicliffe, but I never thought I would receive his biography for a birthday present, and I hear so much about Luther in history but I knew nothing of his life, and the life of Paul too.

Lois has an examination on it this year and it will help her, besides I want to study his life myself. Thank you, Papa, ever so much.

I do want biographies and now we have six to add to our library,—Clive, Nelson, Wicliffe, Lawrence, Livingstone and Luther, but I like mine best.

Mama, you can't guess how much I prize that ribbon. I have often envied other girls who had that kind of ribbon, yet I did not

exactly envy them either, for I have the best Papa and Mama in the whole, round world. Papa said he was proud of me. Oh, you will never know the good it has done me to be trusted up here with the children.

I wish Papa could have come down the hill and had part of my lovely birthday tea that Lois (such a pet) gave me. And indeed I looked often up the hill to see if you were really coming. I think every thing is pretty straight. Lois is getting a nice dinner too,—roast chicken ; come and have a bit.

I got a letter from Mr. Fraser. It has been rainy and cold and windy to-day, but Jesus whispers "Peace within." I forgot to tell you about some more presents I got. Suee gave me a good sized cucumber and five pears. The wind whistled "many happy returns of the day" and blew down a large branch of ivy to me. The rose tree, the one near the drawing-room window, put out such a beautiful, yellow rosebud, and the dhoby [washerman] gave me the present of bringing the clothes. Well, we have had a nice dinner, Flora sent me a birthday wish in the form of a poem ; she is quite a poet. Well goodnight.

Lois is sending you some doilies. We have had a very nice time to-day, especially I.

With all the love I can give and piles of kisses.

From your seventeen-year-old

VIDA MAUD.

P.S.—You naughty Mama to say “Sweet Fifteen” to Lois when it is “Sweet *Seventeen*” and “*Bashful* Fifteen.”

But I will forgive you for Lois *is* a very “Sweet Fifteen.”

“Peace! perfect peace! our future all unknown?  
Jesus we know, and He is on the throne.”

[This ending of her birthday letter seems like a prophecy to us all now.]

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#### SUNDAY MORNING.

MY OWN SWEET MAMA:—How glad I am to tell you that Esther’s fever has gone, she hasn’t got 101, only a little over 100 . . . . . Lois is a very funny doctor, and I am afraid will have to reform before she becomes a good one. Early in the morning before I was awake, she gave Esther a big piece of cocoa candy which Mrs. Munroe had sent; now wasn’t that foolish? Now I must say good-night. Oh if I



could have but one kiss from each of you it would do a world of good. The children are asleep and, thank God, Esther sleeps peacefully.

Always your own daughter,

VIDA.

P. S.—The boys are so good, especially Wilbur, and help such a lot.

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*A letter written just after the three birthday anniversaries. Esther, August 24th; Wilbur, August 26th; and Herbert, the 31st.*

MALL VILLA, NO. 2.

*September 1st, 1899.*

MY OWN DEAR PAPA AND MAMA:—We have had such a nice week. I rather like birthdays. Wilbur was very proud of his Bible and Mama's letter; he reads both every day. I hope he will keep it up.

I captured the package and letter before he could turn round, and as a letter came to "Ranee," [Esther's pet name,] he never suspected any thing. Next morning we gave both to him. We hid them in his shirt, but to our dismay we found it was a dirty one, and he was putting on a clean one.

What could we do but declare he had only worn the other a day or so, and that we believed it was quite clean enough to go to bazar in. So he went off to show us how dirty it was. There was silence, then he said, "Cunning chaps you are. I see why you wanted me to wear the dirty shirt." We gave the little book in the afternoon, hid it in his Bible box. Herbert gave *his* present at breakfast. Lois and I, also Ada and Jessudar, had given ours before.

Esther had a real nice time on her birthday. Ada enjoyed herself just as much. Mrs. M. sent birthday cards. Miss—was going to send a donation but hers came to be a no-nation. May be it will turn up some day though. Our beautiful kid gloves went "up the tree," too. . . . . We are getting on much better now, that the children are well again. Let Esther stay up, it won't be long now, and it is so nice. We want her so badly. Pray for me.

. . . . I am sorry Ada's letter did not get off yesterday. Pray for Ada; she is seeking a clean heart,\* and I believe she was converted

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\* See Ada's letter, page 54, written the day before they were taken.

last night ; she seems so different this morning. I think that Jessudar is moved and wants a clean heart too. We have been praying for Ada and I know you have too. Ada says she feels so happy, and there is such a sweet expression on her face. Oh, I do hope it is true conversion. . . . Esther is a darling, no trouble at all, she is playing with dolly now. Don't take her away from us, she is all right.

MY DEAR PAPA:— . . . We had a nice little evening at the Emerson's last night ; it was our Sunday School social evening. I played my guitar. The boys both played beautifully. Herbert played "Home Sweet Home" and "Annie Laurie" and Wilbur, "Blue Bells." I put Ada and Ranee to bed and left Jessudar and Sebe with them. We came home early. Mr. Emerson is going down soon, so it was a kind of good-bye ; there were not many present. . . . I really should take more time with my Bible. I don't feel satisfied. I am afraid it (this blessing) will not stay. I wish I had faith, but I believe I have almost all I ever had. I believe in God and know he can do it, but I want to feel it will stay forever, then I could be happy. I am still

seeking for a fuller salvation that can keep me. Pray for me. I must have it and before I see you again.

With ever so much love and kisses,

Your own girl ever,

VIDA.

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*From a letter greatly prized by her mother :  
written Sept. 5th, 1899.*

DARLING MAMA:—The children are not homesick, at least they don't show it much ; only they wish to see you so much, and I try to be brave and not be cross or ugly to them.

I am really too big to be "Homesick" because it won't be long maybe until I will be away from you.

But I will come back and help you. I promised God that when I was converted, although I am so naughty. I have made up my mind . . . . I am yours forever in the work God has given you, and I will study hard and prepare for that work. I have always wanted to go to America so, so bad, but we can't afford it, and I believe now, that Jesus will give me patience and I will wait. You never sent a verse in your last two letters, they are so helpful. Don't forget next



Two Child-wives from Vida's Sunday School.





time. Papa always remembers. Pray for us all. I haven't time to read this over, I must go to my lessons. I left the soldiers trying to catch "King Lear." . . . . . We are getting to know each other better, and will try hard, all of us, to be real ladies and gentlemen and make our home a home. Thank you Papa, for the last verse you sent me.

God bless and keep us all very close to Him. Oh! pray for me. I will be victor in the end. Now with many, many armfuls of love and kisses and hugs. We are all your darlings. Don't want Esther; it is wrong to covet you know. Will be all right.

Your

VIDA.

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*This letter was written about two weeks  
before she went to heaven.*

MY OWN DEAR PAPA AND MAMA:—I have just received your dear letter. . . . I wish that the contracts [referring to the new house] would come to a close, so you could get to work, or if it drags on so slowly, you will not be ready for us: and we want to come back to *home*.



I am afraid that Papa has not bought himself a new coat and pants for this winter, I won't be able to walk with him with my nice skirt unless he does. I can make my last winter's dress do nicely by letting out the tuck, so you get yourself a suit, instead of me a new dress; mine is all right and good. Mama must have a new dress too, I wish I could give it to you.

We were all talking the other night, of what we would all do for you both, and I am sure Frank would have joined, if he had been here. Wilbur says he won't charge any thing for your teeth being fixed. Lois will doctor you free. The rest of us, you know, arn't so sure of *our* money as they are, and Herbert, "Professor Lee" will keep your home comfee. I will try hard to keep up your work. Yes, I am sure God has called me to it, and will be with me though it is strange he should have made me of such funny stuff. I never saw a girl, like me, before or after. I don't believe there has or will be such a naughty girl.

I think it is harder for me to be good than all the rest. But I know that God has not given

me anything to do, nor will he ever, without the grace for me to use. He *will* prosper your work. You don't know how unworthy I feel for such a place. Your work is His work.

So in a few years (D.V.), for you and Papa are getting old now,—just think, Papa—fifty next birthday, isn't he?—you will be able to see your work progressing and yourselves taken care of. Because God never throws off His own when “hoary hair their heads adorn.”

You and Papa must never speak of dying now, when we are all just beginning to live. God has lots for you to do yet (no sons-in-law will come to bother you unless they are willing to help).

I know I have been so very naughty and hastened your ages, but you will never know how I have been struggling for two and a half years, yes, really three years against God. I am afraid sometimes there has been no peace in my heart, once in a while I seemed to get back to God but only for a few days at a time, then it was all dark again. Oh! I hope those days are over now. I never have known such misery and I just could not be good.

I have given all over to the Lord and Oh if it would only stay all right. This is one reason why I dread Calcutta. But I trust God will keep me. I don't know how He has held on so long. Oh pray for me, I never can stand any such days again. But I have peace and happiness now. I have told you what I didn't expect to. I told you what was in my heart. I am God's for your work. Trust me and believe me,

Ever your loving and affectionate,

VIDA.

P. S.—I never can forgive myself for the way I have treated my dear Papa. No girl ever had, or will have a better, kinder father. Oh forgive and forget, Papa darling, I am truly sorry,

. . . . . \*Dr. Lois is progressing ; she protests that I have said nothing good about her, but you know I think her the best girl in the world, and she really is . . . . .

With piles of love and kisses from all, especially

Your girl,

VIDA.

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\*See Lois' ambitions, page 103.

*Vida's last letter.**September 22nd, 1899.*

MY OWN DEAR MAMA AND PAPA:—I thought I would take a moment to write you a note, as to-morrow at this time I will be with Miss S. (D.V.). We are all well; my cold is gone; the children are at school. Esther has gone out with Jessudar and her bucket.

To-day is one of those days when the air is "laden with the breath of flowers" when you feel like dreaming, when the sun is shining not too strong, but throwing sunbeams into the room, until you are warm and feel happy even deep down in your heart.

This is the way I feel just now, only a little troubled when I think how soon the examination is coming, and this makes me feel like study.

The birds are singing and we all join to thank God for such a day after the rain of yesterday.

You know Lamb always has some such long introduction and I'm afraid you will feel just like I do when I read them, if I don't tell you

some news now. The service of song takes place to-morrow ; Lois will take part, but I really did not have time to attend the practices, so did not join. I believe it is going to be real nice . . . . .

Mr———Oh, I don't know his name, is so nice. He preached on Sunday. Lois and I went both times, though it was raining. I hope he preaches this Sunday too; he is such a dear old man, I wish he would come down and see us. He came and introduced himself. I don't know whether he knows we are the Lees or not . . . . . I just feel like having a long talk but I must go and study my lessons . . . . . We all send piles of love and kisses . . . I want to see you so much. I am very happy this morning, but I am not satisfied. Do pray for your girl. Here is a big kiss for dear "Octavius Noel," [a pet name for baby Frank] and Papa and yourself,

From VIDA.

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*This card was sent the morning of the awful day.*

MY OWN DEAR PAPA,—It is raining hard, so we are not able to go to Sunday school ; it is

Mr. E.'s last Sunday. The nice minister is the Rev. P. R. Mackay. The service of song came off nicely. It is just pouring and we have heard a landslip come rolling down just now.

We are all well, and send piles of love.

Your own girl,

VIDA.

[A few hours after, she was in heaven.]

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### Extracts from Lois' Letters.

*Letter to Vida when she was ill in Hospital,  
February, 1898, with diphtheria.*

MY OWN DARLING VIDA:— . . . . I have been wondering all day what I could do to make you happy. I would like so much to come in and give you a great big hug and kiss, but as I can't do it myself, I send this dolly to do it for me. Remember this dolly was born two months before our Ruth, [Ruth was born May 7th, 1893]. I hope you will soon be better. Good-night.

Your own sister,

LOIS.



*This note was sent to her friend Flora on her  
14th birthday.*

144, DHARAMTALA STREET,  
*Calcutta, October 16th.*

My own dear Sweetheart Flora,  
Many, many happy returns of the day.  
And may you live to see eighty-six more.

LOIS.

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FROM DARJEELING.

*Lois' letter on her Papa's birthday.*

MALL VILLA, NO. 2.

*June 26th, 1899.*

*The day after you left.*

Now your birthday comes again,  
One more link in life's long chain,  
May this day be bright and blest,  
On your life may blessing rest.

FRIDAY NIGHT, SLEEPY TIME.

MY PRECIOUS MAMA AND PAPA :—We are all safe and sound, and getting on fine, though it seems rather strange without you.

We have had a lovely day . . . I got dinner all myself, and after dinner, we four, with Luce's [the hill woman] help brought the organ upstairs to the boys' room. We sung a few

hymns. Then had prayers, Vida and Jessudar [the Bengali girl] read the 103rd Psalm, and we all went to bed and slept soundly.

It is school time, so with hugs and kisses for Esther and Frank, and wishing Papa the happiest birthday he has ever had.

With piles of love and kisses for you both,  
 Ever your loving,  
 "GRAND MOTHER LOIS."

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MY PRECIOUS MAMA AND PAPA :—It seems ages since I have heard from either of you. Vida is getting all the letters and praise and being called "doctor" and it makes me feel so, so jealous. Esther is much better to-day.

I never dreamt the Doctor's bill would be so much, but Vida and I will earn it. If you and mama take me on as your family physician when I'm big I won't charge *quite* so much. Don't worry about Esther, whatever you do, we are taking good care of her. . .

It must be boiling in Calcutta to-day, but it is simply beautiful up here, a perfect day. The sunrise this morning was one of the most beautiful I have ever seen. The sun had not yet

appeared and the horizon was streaked first with a rich, deep orange, then a more delicate shade, and so on, until it came to a pale soft yellow. I wish you and papa could have seen it . . .

We are all well and happy, studying hard. I help Wilbur for more than an hour every day . . . . . Ada got your letter yesterday. We are all looking forward to the warm feathered nest. [The new home in preparation for them in Calcutta.]

. . . . . We have been having a fine time opening the basket, and finding such lovely delicious treats inside. You always seem to know just what we want. Those custard apples are just beauties ; the hulwa "scrumpshush ;" the figs delicious ; the nuts excellent ; the mango-steens lovely ; and the amras "nectar for the gods" (Vida thinks.) Everything reached all right : there were just enough mashed custard apples (but delicious) for tiffin, and Oh ! but we did enjoy them. They are really my weak point, Mama.

Good-bye, love piles, always your

LOIS.

*A part of Lois' last letter, written just a week before she went to heaven.*

MALL VILLA, NO. 2,  
*Sept. 17th, 1899.*

MY DARLING MAMA AND PAPA :—I received mama's dear, welcome letter the other day and was very glad to get it (although a little insulted at being called "duck legs.")

We had a lovely little social at Mr. Emerson's. He asked us to take our instruments. I played for the hymns and solos, Wilbur and Herbert on their violins, and Vida on her guitar.

Everything went all right. . . .

He thanked Winnie and me for presiding at the organ for Sunday School. It has been good practice and I can play by first sight pretty well now. . . . There is to be a Service of Song, "Jessica's First Prayer," in aid of the Sunday School Hall Fund, next Saturday.

LOIS.

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Lois' letter written on her birthday, July 2nd, was a beautiful one and brought joy to the hearts of her parents. This, with other such letters, had been sent home to relatives.

Her Father had sent her two books—biographies belonging to the series called “Men with a Mission.” She spoke of the preface in one of the books and said, “I believe I am a girl with a mission, and feel the necessity of being holy, for my life verse is, “The Lord hath set apart him that is godly for himself.” Psalm 4, 3.

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*A fragment of an exercise written by Lois in class one day during her last summer.*

#### CALCUTTA.

“The great city now called Calcutta, was formerly a flight of stairs leading from the sacred waters of the Ganges, up the muddy banks, to the shore, where stood the temple of the goddess Kali, worshipped by the Hindoos, and it was here they came from all over India to wash away their sins in the water of this sacred river.

“Gradually buildings sprang up around the then-called Kali Ghat, and in the seventeenth century, when the East India Company was formed, a factory was built and, in time, for the defence of the Company, Fort William was constructed. For some years afterwards the place was called ‘Fort William’ by the English. But in the end it came to be called by its

native name 'Kali Ghat,' now modernized into 'Calcutta.'

"Calcutta is situated on the Ganges, ninety miles from the Sea, and in the monsoon district. The cold weather lasts from the middle of November to the middle of March, then the hot and dry weather lasts until the middle of June. The rains then set in and last until August.

"Calcutta is called the 'City of Palaces;' it contains many large and magnificent buildings."

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### Wilbur's Letters.

DARJEELING, MALL VILLA NO. 2,

*July 5th, 1899.*

MY DEAR MAMA AND PAPA:—I am writing to you for it is my turn. This letter will be more of an "Essay" than a letter, for I am going to tell you just how we spent "The fourth of July."

I bought some fireworks. Vida and Lois invited Miss Stahl and Flora to lunch (or rather dinner) which we called our "AMERICAN STATE DINNER." Herbert and I got up early and went to the bazaar and got the things for the state dinner. Jessudar and the Nany came with us. While we were away Vida and Lois

killed two chickens and cleaned them, and had the beets boiled ready for slaw. Miss Stahl and Flora came at 2 o'clock and we fired off some fire-crackers after dinner. We had for desert : mangoes, peaches, lichees, plantains, figs, dates, pomegranates, and the little chocolates which you sent up. We have the grapes and big chocolates yet, though they are disappearing one by one by two-legged rats.

After coming from the market we spent the morning practising for a concert which was held in the evening in the dining-room of the Girls' School. And we played 'Old Folks at Home' all together and it was a success. After it was finished Mr. Hart gave us an address and said that he wished the English would be beaten again, and after he was finished Miss Stahl allowed us to fire some fire-crackers. We went home and fired a *big* fire-cracker in remembrance of you and papa, and after singing "My Country, 'Tis of Thee!" fired off our last fire-cracker and then said prayers.

We have been having prayers every day, and Vida has been praying that when we go to Calcutta you will have two gentlemen instead of two boors.



Pray for us all ; we are getting on nicely ; don't worry about us. Ada sends her love to Esther and Frank. We are praying for you every day. I will write another letter soon. To-day is a very nice day ; we could see the snows all day till 3-30.

Your son,

WILBUR.

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*Wilbur's letter written on his last birthday anniversary.*

MALL VILLA, NO 2.

*August 26, 1899.*

MY DARLING MAMA AND PAPA :—I got your nice birthday letter this morning and papa's present. Vida kept my Bible and letter, and this morning put them in my banyan before I awoke, and when I put it on, I felt something heavy which scared me ; then I had a nice laugh to myself when I found it was my Bible. I then dressed and read your nice letter. It made me feel like a man, no longer a boy (nor baby) as you said. Vida did not like you telling me about the cake and chocolates, for she had hidden them from us, also the nuts, to surprise us.

Esther is very well and happy, and the girls say they will not hear of Esther's going down until we all go down together. So do not trouble about us.

I am getting on nicely with my violin. I have had perfect lessons ever since papa went down, and Mr. Burnett says it is only my bowing that is bad.

I am going to try hard so as to pass first and get "the bicycle" which you and papa are going to give. Tell papa that my Bible just looks like him and you. It is just the very kind I wanted; the two verses you and papa gave me were nice. I am giving you a verse and am putting in a few words:—Psalms 64: 13, "and (his) pastures are clothed with flocks (of them who love him) and (his) valleys also are covered over with corn, they shout for joy, they also sing."

May God bless you, papa, and little Frank; and now mama, do not worry about Esther, for if she goes down she will suffer with the heat and be sick; she is all right up here. Good-bye.

Love to all,

Your man,

WILBUR.

*Wilbur's last letter written three days before  
the landslide.*

MALL VILLA,

*September 21st, 1899.*

MY DEAR MAMA :—I got your nice letter on Sunday last. I am glad to hear that the house is about ready for us. I am very homesick for you, papa, and little brother Frank. He must be about big enough to “play horses.” I am trying hard for a horse which has never to be fed (except oil) and never gets tired.

Vida got Rs. 30, which you sent, from Miss Stahl and gave me one for lessons. Vida has been writing letters and learning very hard; she deserves a bicycle if any one does. She has been so kind to us.

Lois is teaching me the piano. I have a half hour's practice at school every day while the girls are at dinner. Tell papa we need two or three sets of violin strings. I read my Bible every day and have done so ever since my birthday.

We all send love and kisses now, for I must close.

With love from

WILBUR.

## CHAPTER X.

### WILBUR'S STORY

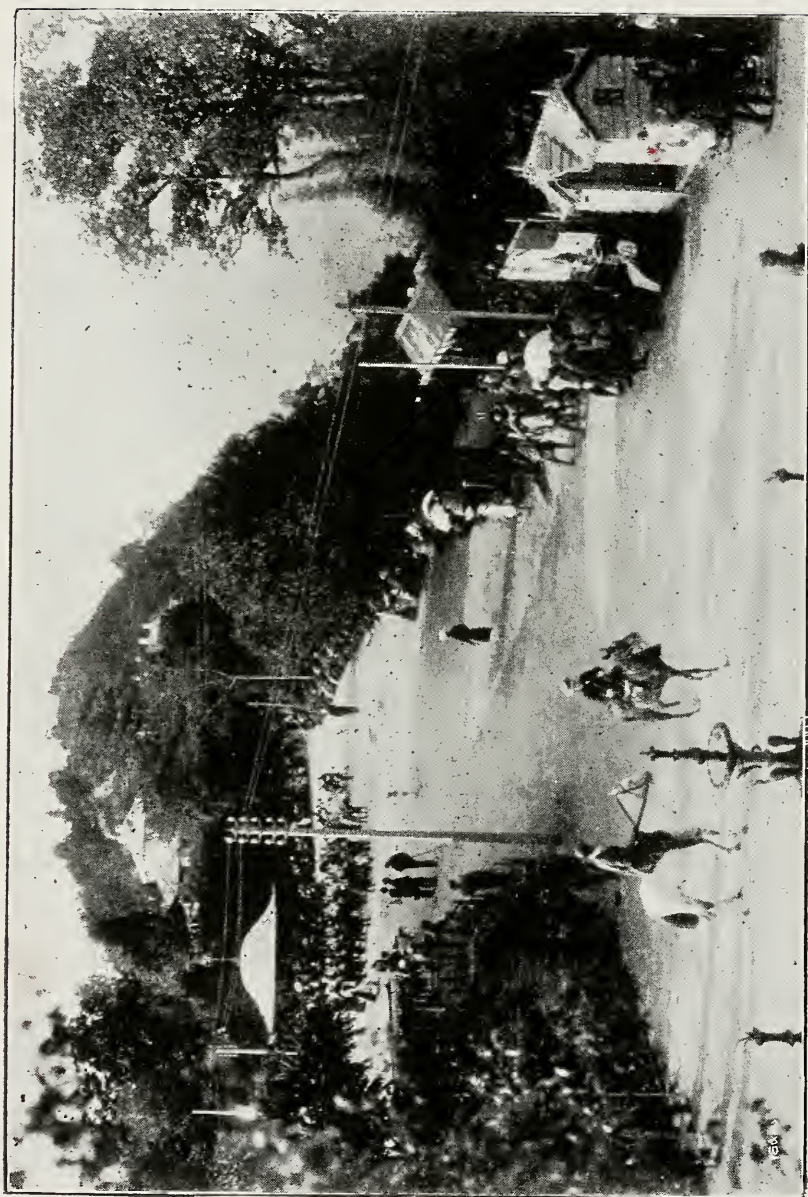
*“And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.”* Rev. 21. 4.

*“He shall swallow up death in victory, and the Lord shall wipe away tears from off all faces.”* Isaiah 25. 8.

The first telegram brought us the word that Wilbur had escaped. We were so benumbed by the awful news concerning the other children that we did not think of his being injured, and even expected him down on the next train with the other school children.

How little we knew of what that dear boy was passing through! It did not dawn upon us until some friend telegraphed, “I saw Wilbur Lee. Doing well.” Then we began to fear he might be hurt. Not until two days after did we get the word that he was badly injured.





The Chowrasta, Darjeeling.



We then said we must go to him at once. Some said it would be impossible for me to go, the roads were so torn away ; but I thought I must go to my boy ; if he was suffering, I must be with him. The one thought of reaching him spurred me on through every difficulty.

All through that long, uncertain journey—walking, riding, climbing—nothing seemed too hard for me, if I could but reach him. All along the way everybody we met brought good tidings of Wilbur.

At last the journey was over, and, at 10 o'clock on Friday, we reached the Sanitarium in Darjeeling. Oh, the joy of clasping him again in our arms ! We found him propped up in bed, very bright and cheery, and seemingly getting well rapidly.

He was very much affected, and burst into tears of joy when he saw us ; but we soothed and quieted him, and he was soon telling us all about what he had been doing, and asking us questions about home and ourselves.

He took his baby brother in his arms and played with him—so delighted was he to see him. Then he asked for his box, and, opening it, showed us his bottles of scent and handkerchiefs



which many kind friends had given him. He told me how kind every one had been to him, and seemed specially fond of the house doctor and the Sister, who were untiring in their devotion to him.

He showed me the names of the ladies who had called on him, or had sent him some delicacy, or in any way had shown him a kindness. He had asked a friend to write down all the names, saying he would write to each one a letter of thanks after he got well.

I asked him about that night, and he said, "Mama, let me begin at the first and tell you all about it."

I said, "No, son; you will have plenty of time to tell me, so do not tell me all to-day. But I wish so much to know if you tried to save yourselves."

He then told me that they first tried to escape from the south side and to get down to Nos. 4 and 5, [the nearest houses,] but they came to a flood of mud and water rushing down the hill-side, as Wilbur said, "like the Ohio river." It was impossible for them to cross it.

They then went out the back way, going up the narrow foot-path to the road, and

started to the house above toward the Mall, but they found the road washed away, and nothing left on which to tread.

Vida then led them back down toward Lebong, the opposite direction, but they were met by insurmountable piles of earth and debris.

Boulders were rolling down the mountain side, trees were falling, and stones flying through the air. The rain poured in torrents; the roar of the cyclone and the pitch darkness were enough to terrify the bravest heart.

Vida found she could not keep them together, and said, "I am afraid we will get lost from one another, and I promised papa I would take care of Esther. Come, we will go back to the house, and, if the Lord wishes, he can save us together, and, if not, he will take us together."

So they returned and went upstairs and built a fire and began to dry their clothes. They knelt in prayer several times asking God to protect them.

Soon they heard some one knocking on the front door. They went down and found a poor native man, all crippled, and his face bleeding. He told them their house was going to fall; but he was so ill and shivering with the cold that

the children became interested in him instead of themselves.

Vida took a cloth and wiped the blood from his face. They tried to lift him inside, but he fainted away. She then took the durry [large rug] from the floor near by and wrapped him up in it. Two other native men passed the door, and said, "Children, the mountain is falling down, and you had better leave."

The children told them they had tried,—how could they get away? The men then passed on, not able to render them any assistance. The hill woman who cooked for them helped to get everything in from the out-houses,—the cooking utensils, etc. ; and just as she came out of the cook-house the last time, it was washed away.

The native man lying at the door became conscious again, and said he must go to his master at Nos. 4 and 5, and went away, dragging himself along the ground. He says the last time he saw the children they were kneeling together in prayer.

Vida took them all back upstairs again to the fire, and while praying, the corner of the room cracked open.

I found it agitated Wilbur very much to tell me about it, so I checked him; but he said, "Mama, I must tell you about Vida. She sprang to her feet, her face just beaming as she said, 'Children, the house is coming down, and we will soon be in heaven.'"

"But were you not afraid, Wilbur?" I said.

"No, mama; God had taken all the fear away, and we were all so happy. We felt just as if we were in the train coming home to you. We said to each other, 'Now if papa and mama and Baby Frank were only here, so we could all go to heaven together, how nice it would be.' Oh, Vida's face! Mama, if you only could have seen her! how beautiful she looked! Her face shone like an angel's as she talked to us. She then led us into another room, and again we knelt about the bed, and we all prayed. Jessudar (our Bengali girl) was kneeling with us, and with hands clasped and looking up to heaven, she said, "হে দয়ালু ঈশ্বর, আমাদিগকে এক্ষণে তুলিয়া লও" [Oh merciful God, take us now]. These were her last words.

"Then there came a tremendous crash. I sprang to my feet with a lamp in my hand just in time to see the wall come in, and I knew

nothing more until I awoke in the darkness in the mud and water below. It was still raining hard. I could see two lights in the distance, and I tried to get to the one I thought nearest me. I walked a little, and then fell down asleep."

Wilbur had been thrown more than a hundred feet down the mountain side. When daylight came there was not a vestige of the house left. The beautiful flower garden and trees were gone; nothing but fresh earth and roots of trees, and boulders piled up so high that no one could recognize the spot on which the house had stood.

In the house just near, only farther out on the mountain side, twenty-four persons had stayed all night unable to get away, and expecting every moment that their house would go, the stones rolling down on the roof all night. Two gentlemen attempted to get to our house several times, but the mud and water were so deep and the darkness so great that it seemed impossible.

As day dawned two ladies were looking out from the porch to see what had become of their servants, when on a little knoll some distance

away they saw a muddy object rise up and throw up its arms, and then fall back. As it grew lighter they discovered it was our Wilbur, and called to him to lie still, that they would send him help. What joyful words these must have been to the poor boy who had been trying so long to attract attention.

Some kind gentlemen went to him, wading in mud and water up to their waists. After a desperate struggle, an old gentleman reached him; the boy threw his arms about him, so grateful was he to him for coming. They carried him, through much difficulty, to the house, where they washed the mud away, put on warm clothes and wrapped him in blankets, and then sent for the doctor.

He was very cold. In the meantime they put hot bottles about him and brought him some brandy. This he refused to take, saying: "It's wrong to drink brandy; I can't take that."

A lady said to him, "No, it's not wrong, Wilbur, for you to take it now as medicine. Do you not remember that verse where Paul told Timothy to take a little wine for his stomach's sake? so it's right for you to take it now."

“You are sure it will not be wrong?” he said. “Then I’ll take it.”

The doctor came and dressed the terrible wounds on his head and found, that, although badly cut and bruised, he had no bones broken. He was then sent to the Sanitarium, where all that kind friends and human sympathy could do was done.

That first day we arrived Wilbur seemed well and bright all day. What a blessed day it was! His sister Lois’ ring, which had been taken from her finger, was handed to her papa soon after our arrival. He gave it to Wilbur, who showed it to me and was trying to clean the mud out of the sets. He asked me what we would do with it.

I said, “We give it to you, Wilbur, as no one deserves it more.”

He thanked me, and with tears in his eyes he put it on his finger, where it stayed until his death.

During the day he said to me, “Do you think I will be able to go up for my examination this year? I fear I will not earn my bicycle.”

I assured him he should have his bicycle whether he took his examination or not, which



seemed to greatly please him. He kept referring to the other children several times during the day.

He also asked about the house. "Is there none of the beautiful ivy left that covered the house?" If there were, he wished to take some of it to Calcutta. He told how well the two little children were, and how they had grown; also spoke of their all having gathered ferns and grass to take home to me.

I said to him, "Wilbur, there is one thing I wish you to tell me about. You know you could never quite say that you had been converted; that you had really been saved from your sins. How was it that night with you?"

"Oh, mama!" he said, "I know I have been converted; that Jesus is my Saviour, I was not afraid to die. I knew it was all right. It has been a great blessing to me to help take care of the children this summer. It has made me a better boy. It has been good for us all; for we have lived for, and loved each other more than ever before."

Toward night he became restless, and complained of his head hurting him. He grew worse, and, after a troubled sleep awoke, scream-

ing with pain, his jaws having shut, catching his tongue between his teeth. I then feared tetanus, which it proved to be. Oh, the awful suffering of the next two days and nights! Yet between the spasms, he would be so bright and cheery.

Friday evening he asked me to read his chapter to him, and we read, "Let not your hearts be troubled. . . . I go to prepare a place for you" (14th. ch. of John), and prayed with him. The next evening, he had suffered so much during the day, that I suggested instead of reading we should repeat a few verses. We each repeated a verse.

He then repeated the one, "They that trust in the Lord shall be like Mount Zion, which can not be removed, but abideth for ever." And he added, "This is Ada's verse, mama."

We then prayed. He had just passed through a very severe paroxysm, but he prayed too. His prayer was, "Oh, Lord, I thank thee for not letting me die in the dark, that awful night. Bless papa, and mama, and Baby Frank; take care of them. Bless me and take care of me, for Jesus' sake, Amen."

He had said to me during the day, "Oh, mama, that awful pain ! Why does God let me suffer so ?"

I had been asking myself the same question all day, and the answer seemed to be given me as I said, "To make you perfect, I suppose, my darling. Be patient ; there is a land where there will be no more pain. We will ask God to help you bear this terrible suffering. He will give you no more to bear than he will give you grace for."

He was very brave and patient. He would often put his arms around my neck and draw my head down on his pillow, and patting my cheek, would say, "My precious mama ; you are my sweetheart."

How these loving words linger with me yet ! And another time he embraced his papa, and then asked for Baby Frank, and drew him down to him and kissed him. He seemed to know every one, and had a word for everybody.

Sometimes he seemed to be gone, but would revive again after the paroxysm wore off. His papa said to him, "Wilbur, if you see Vida and Lois before I do, give them our love."

“Yes,” he said, “I will ; but why ? Do you think I’m going now ?”

We said, “You are very ill ; it looks as if you would go to heaven soon.”

“But,” he said, “did you not ask God to make me well, mama, and don’t you believe he will ?”

I said, “Yes, I asked Him to make you well, but it may not be best.”

“Yes,” he answered, “God worked one miracle to save my life, and, if best, He can work another.”

After another severe spell, I said, “Is Jesus with you, Wilbur ?”

“Of course, mama.”

“Are you afraid ?” I said.

“Oh, no ; I am not afraid. Don’t you and papa be afraid.”

Once when I asked again if Jesus was with him, he answered me, “Of course,” as he did so many times, and said, “You thought I was gone, mama, but I am not.

“But are you afraid to die, Wilbur ?” I asked.

“No, mama, but I wish you and papa and Baby Frank could go too.”

And oh, how I wished we might go with him! A little later in the night I had to leave the room.

He drew his papa down, and said, "Papa, go and comfort mama."

His papa said, "What shall I say to her, Wilbur?"

"Tell mama I am so happy in Jesus."

I prayed constantly that the Lord would spare him, but we came to where we felt we must give him into God's hand's, willing for Him to take him if it was His will.

A few hours before he left us it seemed to me it would kill me, and I went alone in my room, feeling that unless God wonderfully helped me I never could meet it.

As I was praying that the Lord would take him out of the suffering, in my anguish God seemed to come so near, and gave me such a glimpse of heaven, with Wilbur just entering in and the other children greeting him—all so happy—that the awfulness of death seemed to be taken away, and I myself made to rejoice with them in their victory.

So real was the vision that I seemed to receive from it supernatural strength that bore

me through those awful days that followed. The hour that Wilbur's spirit left the poor, bruised body to join his brothers and sisters, their spirits seemed to hover all about us. They seemed to come to take him home. It was an hour of victory for them, and also for us.

As we marched to the cemetery the day we laid his dear body away, the clouds hung over us all the morning; but, just as they lowered the casket into the earth, the sun burst forth in all its warmth and brightness, lighting up the grave and all about it.

It seemed to say to my heart,

“ Oh, death, where is thy sting,  
Oh, grave, where is thy victory ? ”

and I seemed to see beyond all this, when Jesus would come and bring them again, and we should be forever with the Lord.

“ Thanks be to God which giveth us the victory through our Lord, Jesus Christ.” Oh, that blessed day. How we rejoice even now in anticipation of its glory.

Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,  
So free from all sorrow and pain,  
With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands,  
To meet one another again.







Jessudar the Bengali Girl.

## CHAPTER XI.

### JESSUDAR, THE BENGALI GIRL.

Into our training school a short time ago came little Jessudar, not more than nine years old. At the very mention of her name my heart thrilled for a lovely girl by the same name, I had rescued from an awful life some years ago. And now God has sent another, wonderfully delivering her from a life of shame.

Her father and mother were Hindus—the former dying when she was quite small—leaving her mother with five children and no means of support. Only God knows the story of their sufferings, as they worked in the rice fields, gathering a little here and there, enough to keep soul and body together. Only God knows the anguish of that mother's heart as she often heard their cry of hunger—for a Hindu mother has not one whit less a mother's heart.

No one but God knows the temptations to which she was subjected, nor the evil influence

of her surroundings, with no knowledge of a Saviour—no protection anywhere.

Only those of us who know the sad story of Hindu widowhood, and see it enacted about us everyday, can form any conception of all Jessudar's mother passed through. One day when the children were hungry and naked, with no hope of food or help from any source, the tempter came to this woman in the form of a wicked man, who fixed his hellish eyes on little Jessudar, and said to the distressed mother, "You are in great straits. Sell me your little daughter and I will give you rupees eight (\$2.25) for her, which will feed you all for some weeks."

The mother looked on the sweet face of her child and her heart sank within her, as she thought of Jessudar's future. She shrank from the deed and answered her tormentor, saying: "No; we had better die together."

But this man was not so easily put off, and, showing the shining silver said: "No; you take the money now, and I will not claim the girl until she is old enough to be married, then she is mine."

The mother looked at the money, and then at her hungry children, and being deceived by his enticing words, yielded, accepted the money, and Jessudar was sold.

About this time the mother met with some native Christians of the village, who became interested in her and began to teach her about Jesus, and soon after she forsook her idols, and, the following Christmas, she and her children were baptized. A short time afterwards this wicked man, in company with a few of his Hindu friends, came to the mother and claimed the child he had bought. She refused to let her go, saying she was still too young.

One day, when the mother was out of the house, he came to the child and ordered her to come with him. She refused to obey, at which, in spite of her entreaties, he bound her, and carrying her away, hid her in his house. The mother turned to her Christian friends, who immediately went and by force took the child from him. These friends, feeling that she was unsafe with them, brought her to us.

Jessudar soon became happy with us, and we find her a most lovable, obedient child. A few evenings ago we taught her her first prayer, and it



is sweet to see her learning to sing the songs of Jesus with the other children, and hear her as she joins them in prayer. She is most attentive as we tell the story of Jesus, and as a token of her desire to serve Him, the other day she took her iron bangle [a relic of Hinduism] from her wrist, and throwing it on the ground, said, "I have nothing more to do with these things, neither am I bound by them ; I intend to serve Jesus."

She is a most industrious child and takes interest in everything about her. She knew not even her alphabet, but will soon be reading, so intent is she on learning.

As I think of the awful life of prostitution from which this child has been saved, I do praise God that she is with us, and that we have the blessed work intrusted to us of leading her to Jesus and training her for Him.

This is one of the many phases of our much-loved work. There are many bright young lives all about us, crushed to the earth, bound by cruel galling chains that only the power of God can break ! There are many Jessudars to be saved, and time is going, oh, so swiftly. Oh! that the Church of God was awake to this great work !

We are thankful for the hearts God has touched, and the friends he has raised up to become partners with us.

The above was a leaflet written nearly four years ago when Jessudar first came to us and little did we then know through what portal she would go from us. Several attempts had been made, by the wicked man from whom we had rescued her, to entice her away—he having succeeded even in leading her mother away—and bringing her with him, hoping through her, if possible, to get the child into his hands.

She often came upstairs for us to protect her from them. She had never been out of our home, had become a good, useful girl, and was very much interested in her lessons, as well as her work. She had sought Jesus and had become an earnest little Christian.

As we were breaking up house-keeping in May, we felt it would not be safe to leave her in Calcutta; so we decided to take her with us to the hills, which we did. She was very well and very happy with us, and was devoted to our children: so much so that when Mr. Lee and I were coming down to our work and leaving them behind—Vida said, “Mamma, let Jessudar

stay with us ; she will be so much company and such a help to us." So we decided to leave her, having arranged for her to go to school with them in the afternoon to learn Kindergarten and English.

She used to take part with us at prayers and in the little home prayer meeting the same as one of our own children. She had received a Bible the year before as a prize for good conduct which she read daily, and always seemed very penitent for any wrong she may have done. She was about thirteen years of age and had become a promising girl.

On that night she was with our children as they knelt in prayer. She prayed too, commending her spirit to God. So when Vida opened her eyes in heaven—after that terrible crash—and looked about on her little charge, her last thought on earth being for their safety, it must have been her first in heaven, I have no doubt she rejoiced to find faithful Jessudar among the rest. And we rejoice here to think of her as safe eternally, and hasten to rescue as many more like her as the Lord may permit.



## CHAPTER XII.

### EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

Most touching letters of sympathy have been received by Mr. and Mrs. Lee from the Secretaries of Temperance Unions, Conferences, Leagues, Boards, Missionary Bodies and Young People's organizations; from all denominations of Christian people and every part of the world—each containing beautiful and appropriate resolutions and tributes, but space will not permit their insertion here, nor allow the publication of but a very few of the hundreds of private letters from so many parts of the world.

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#### LADY CURZON.

Lady Curzon in a telegram to Mrs. Lee, said :

Will you allow me to express my deep sorrow and sympathy at the grievous blow that has fallen upon your family? Every woman and mother in India will be feeling for you.

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#### THE METROPOLITAN OF INDIA.

The Bishop of Calcutta expressed his sympathy in the following letter to Mr. Lee :

*September 27th, 1899.*

REVEREND AND DEAR SIR:—The tragical news received from Darjeeling leads me to claim the Christian privilege of offering you my most true sympathy

in your bereavement, which is so terrible that I can hardly write or think of it. I have so lately left Darjeeling, that the desolation in which it is plunged possesses for me a most vivid reality. But the tears are in my eyes when I think that your own home has in a moment been bereaved of all that had made it so bright and beautiful before. I can but commend you in faith and sympathy to the hands of Him who alone can send such wounds as yours and alone can heal them, praying that even now the light may spring up in your darkness and you may humbly and faithfully accept His awful and holy will.

Believe me, Reverend and Dear Sir,  
 Most faithfully yours,  
 J. E. C. CALCUTTA.

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BISHOP THOBURN.

*Cincinnati, October 6, 1899.*

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER LEE :—The *Advocate* came to hand last night, bringing the news of the cablegram which had been sent, but which, for some reason, the people at the Mission Rooms did not forward to me. I have seldom been more shocked in my life than when we read that *five* of your dear children had perished in the land-slide. It seemed to bring the awful calamity very near to us. Those children had become well known to us, and especially to my wife. We have talked together about how useful they would become, and Vida seemed nearing the age when she could begin active mission work. We move in a sphere of mystery, but of all the mysterious events which have befallen us as a mission, this seems to me the most inscrutable, and this awful tragedy which has overtaken your family, is simply stunning to one's sensibilities and thoughts.

I do not suppose we will ever get much light on this problem until we rejoin the lost ones in the other world. In some way, however, light in a measure will undoubtedly come to you. Instead of breaking up the

work, or even putting it back to any great extent, I shall not be surprised if this becomes the means in God's hands of rousing our people to greater efforts than ever. It will undoubtedly produce a great effect in this country and it cannot but unite our people in a more determined way to establish the work of God on everlasting foundations in India.

The cablegrams distinctly state that a service for the dead has been held over the supposed entombment of your children.

A note from Miss Knowles explains that you had taken a small house near Ida Villa, and that you had gone down, leaving Vida in charge of her brothers and sisters. No doubt you were in Calcutta when it occurred, and it must have been an agonizing time to you to have been thus cut off from the children. I suppose also the telegraph line was interrupted so that some time must have elapsed before you knew the full measure of your loss.

In your sorrow you will have the sympathy, I may say, literally of a million souls. God help you and comfort you. The death, no doubt, was painless and although the grave seems a frightful one, it after all, I think, would not be saying too much to remark that God has buried them. We have laid away three of our little ones in quiet graves, and yet we cannot understand what it would have been if all three had been taken from us in a moment's time. The mysteries of life are many, the mystery of pain, the mystery of sorrow, the mystery of bereavement and separation. All these things belong to problems which cannot be solved this side the grave.

I arrived home last night after a very laborious campaign. If God wills I will see you in about three months. In the meanwhile may His grace sustain you, His love abound in you, and His everlasting arms uphold you.

My God help you, I can say no more. I am sure He will help you and I am also sure that in the years to come when we all meet in the other world we will be able to say with a depth of meaning which is impossible now, that God hath done all things well.

In great haste, Your sympathizing brother,  
J. M. THOBURN.

MRS. THOBURN.

*Christ's Hospital, October 6th, 1899.*

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER LEE :—What can I say! If I could sit down beside you and weep with you, it would be much more in keeping with my idea of showing sympathy. How thankful we are to know that you know how to trust God in an hour like this, and that there will be no element of rebellion in either of your hearts. What peace and comfort God can give to such! It has seemed to me like the burial of Moses—as I have thought that you could indeed say, that God himself did it. I have a peculiar feeling for your dear children. They were so much a part of the mission—and what blessed missionaries they would have made—nay, were already. But the higher service is better. God's *best* for you and yours. If the dear people over here, who love you and your work would only have it in their hearts to put up a memorial building for your Bengali children, what a fitting thing it would be! Let us have the privilege of giving the first hundred dollars in the hope that many more hundreds will follow. May the Lord soothe and comfort as only He can. He knows what He is doing and we can afford to "wait patiently" for Him. Dear, dear friends, I am persuaded that riches of grace will abound toward you, and that you will be able to do more for India than you have ever done. "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will *deliver you* and *ye shall glorify me.*" I am sure this promise will be verified in your case.

With much love for you and tenderest sympathy,

Affectionately yours,

ANNA J. THOBURN.

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LADY WOODBURN.

The following was received from Lady Woodburn, wife of the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal on the morning of Wilbur's death :

*The Shrubbery, Darjeeling.*

DEAR MRS. LEE :—When the sad news, this morning, of your little son reached me, my first impulse was to write to you, and then I felt the words would not come to express all I felt for you, in your overwhelming sorrow. You and Mr Lee have been little out of my thoughts since we heard the terrible news of that Sunday night.

The consolation must be so great to think how the dear children passed away, their hearts full of love and obedience to you, and their last conscious act—prayer.

My whole heart goes to you in sorrow and sympathy. One knows where your darlings are, but the awful blank is with you, of where they are not.

They are indeed in God's safe keeping and may you who are left, be comforted and supported till life's journey ends.

With deep, deep sympathy,

Yours sincerely,

W. WOODBURN.

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BISHOP CYRUS D. FOSS.

*Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 24, 1899.*

MY DEAR AND MOST SORELY BEREAVED FRIENDS :—Since the tidings of your great trial sent a shock of pain through our whole church, and far beyond it, the bare thought of writing you a word of sympathy has paralyzed my pen *all the time*, until I saw Mrs. Lee's letter in the *Christian Advocate*. For such a triumph of grace as that letter evinces I thank God from the bottom of my heart.

I send up my prayer with thousands more that you may have measureless comforts of the Holy Spirit.

One of my jewels for forty years has been : "My God shall supply *all your needs*, according to *his riches* in Glory, *by Christ Jesus*."

Mrs. Foss joins me in kindest sympathy.

Yours most truly,

C. D. FOSS.

R. LAIDLAW, ESQ., LONDON, ENG.

*October 6th, 1899.*

DEAR MRS. LEE :—I feel that I must send you a few more lines to-day, not that any words of mine can bring you any consolation, but I just want to say how very distressed we all feel. We have not passed a day or night since we got the terrible news without having the dear sweet faces of your children before us, and now poor Wilbur has gone too, to be with the others. The telegrams tell us how dear Vida told them all to pray ; she knew where to seek strength in moments of trial. One was spared a few days to carry you a message of comfort and consolation.

You and Mr. Lee have the profound sympathy of many thousands in this country. May the little one that remains be spared to be a joy and a comfort to you, and may the Lord abundantly sustain and comfort you is the earnest prayer of

Your very sincere friend,  
R. LAIDLAW

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REV. R. BURGES, SECRETARY OF THE I.S.S.U.

Mr Burges was a special friend of the Lee children.

*Mussoorie, 30th September, 1899.*

DEAR MR. AND MRS. LEE :—My heart's love to you ! The God of our Father's be your God *now*. Words fail me. I have been in the Vale of Tears for eleven months, and I know, in some measure, your darkness of home and heart. But *He is able*. Your children, who were my friends, are with the King and see Him in His beauty. The grand re-union is not far off. They are safe and we are pressing on to the place where they are.

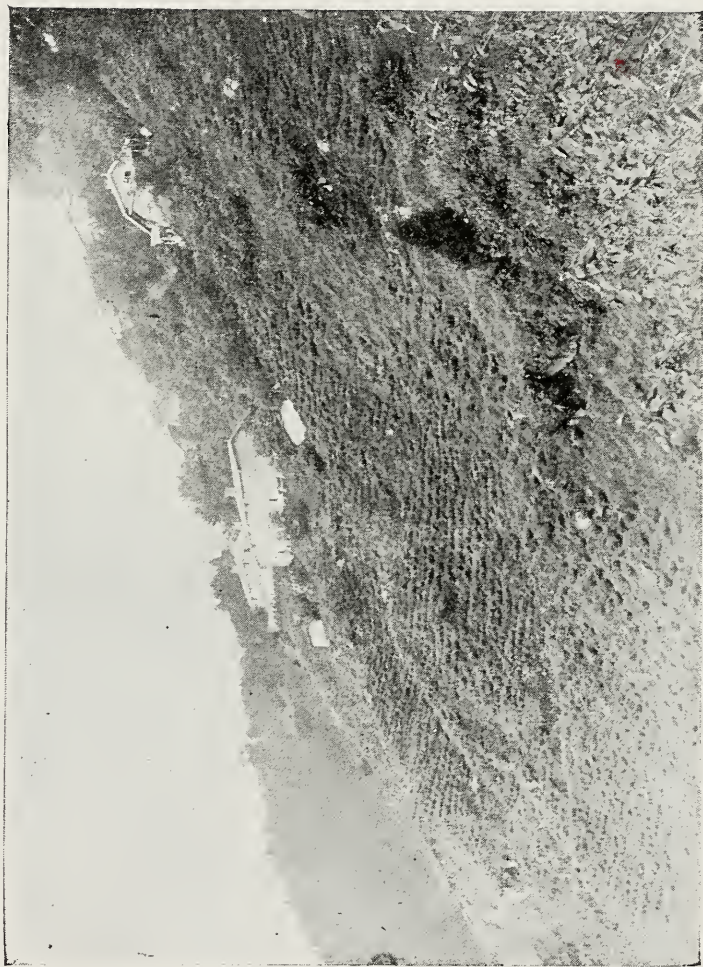
We now see *parts* of His ways ; this is why we grieve.

Love deep and strong,  
Yours ever,  
R. BURGES.





x



x The House and Beautiful Tea Garden.



The same view after the House had gone.



REV. W. S. MATTHEW, D.D., EDITOR,  
"CALIFORNIA CHRISTIAN ADVOCATE."

*San Francisco, November 23rd, 1899.*

MY DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER :—You can scarcely imagine in how many homes in America the sad story has been rehearsed, and at how many family altars you and sister Lee and the dear baby boy have been remembered. I think your dear wife's letter, published in last week's *New York Advocate*, is the most touchingly beautiful thing I ever read. As we all sat about the sitting room table, Tuesday evening, after supper, I undertook to read it aloud to the dear ones of my own family ; but I broke down again and again. Finally I did manage to finish it, and we all wept together with you. Our hearts can only cry, *God bless you and keep you!* But what a glorious picture remains in our minds of those brave children praying together and trusting God amid the horrors of that awful storm ! Surely their sweet faith and triumphant death must make a profound impression upon the people, wherever known. Thank God for such examples of his saving power as are given us in the sweet lives and glorious translation of your six dear ones ! And how glad are all our hearts that the Father above has spared you one sweet lamb of the flock to comfort you in these days. God bless him !

Dear Brother and Sister, tears rain down my face as I try to write, and I can only say, *God bless you.* Surely He will keep and comfort you. My wife joins me in all I would say.

Always your friend,

W. S. MATTHEW.

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WALTER DAVIES, ESQ., CALCUTTA.

MY DEAR MR. LEE :—I never met a family of children which so charmed and interested me, and I shall never forget the happy afternoon we all spent together at our first meeting in Darjeeling. We looked forward to many happy days in their company, and had planned to find



ponies for all the children and have a good day at Ghoom Rock on my return the following month.

My wife and I were strongly drawn to them all ; their winning and natural manner appealed at once to our affections, and I feel I should like my own boys to grow up with such ideals as lived in yours.

They will always live in our memories and we greatly prize the photographs you have so kindly given us.

Our hearts go out to you both in deepest sympathy.

Sincerely yours,

WALTER DAVIES.

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C. M. D.

*Calcutta, October 16th, 1899.*

I cannot conceive of a more truly appropriate time, or a more beautifully appropriate attitude, to pass over, than that of prayer—the attitude in which your darlings received their last call “to go up higher.” And may it not be possible that the incense and the fragrance of that beautiful prayer may linger round the eternal hills for ever?

The whole picture of your dear Home is to me indescribably beautiful—so sweet, so bright, so divine. One evening your darlings form a miniature heavenly choir the next evening they are members of the Heavenly choir itself! How inspiring! Truly “they were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in death they were not divided”.

And your brave, patient, darling little boy; how can words express the pathos and patience of his sufferings? His brightness, his thoughtfulness, on his sick bed, and, after all, to be called to join his dearly beloved sisters and brother in Glory! How unspeakably beautiful! Just as if his special mission had been to come out of the gloom to tell how his dear sisters and brother had passed into their eternal home, and then joins them immediately himself! How angelic! What an unspeakable comfort it must be to you, my dear friend, to know that your darlings were like flowers in bloom fully ripe for the kingdom.



I sincerely and devoutly pray that our Heavenly Father may grant you both all grace, and faith, and strength and fortitude, to bear this grievous burden, and to enable you to say, "thy will be done". "The Lord giveth, the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

Yours in the Lord,

C. M. D.

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DR. W. W. WHITE.

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER LEE :—May the Great Good God bind up your broken hearts. I know you will be brave in Him. We pray for the consolations of the one whose sorrow was greater than any sorrow.

Words are cheap and do not serve one's purpose at such a time as this. Be assured of the most cordial sympathy of us all. The children remember well your precious family.

Yours in Christ's behalf,

W. W. WHITE.

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MRS. HOLCOMB,

AMERICAN PRESBYTERIAN MISSION.

Mrs. Holcomb was one of the first to suggest the memorial building in the following to Mrs. Lee :

*Mission House, Jhansi, 7th October, 1899.*

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. LEE :—The measure of your awful grief God alone knows and He only can comfort you. "It is the Lord." How much of the brightness and the joy of earth has been quenched for you—how near has heaven come down to you ! I have thanked God for the precious infant spared to you. When He committed to your keeping this dear child, He knew, though you dreamed not of it, that the other children lent to you were to be taken back to Him who gave them, and in tenderest love this little one was sent to be your comfort in your unfathomable grief.

In connection with you I have been thinking much of a dear friend at home—now with the Lord, who, when but twenty-two years of age, was called to give back to God her husband and her two children. While at the home of a brother, coming down late for breakfast she found on her plate a card on which had been written the following lines :

“ Enough ! the dead have had thy tears,  
The living need thy care,  
A sinner in a dying world,  
No time hast thou to spare.”

When we knew this lady she was seventy years of age, and her life had been spent in doing good. She told us that the message on the card seemed to her a message from the Lord himself. She felt a peculiar compassion for children. I do not know how many homes she had established, but through her efforts thousands of children had been rescued and trained up for God. I am sure that you will seek to ease your heartache by trying to bring brightness to other lives. I know how deeply interested you are in the children of India, and I have thought how suitable it would be, and how beautiful a memorial to the precious children God has taken, if an orphanage or a home bearing their name could be established. I am sending you by money order a small contribution toward this object now, but I may be able to send you something in addition later.

May the God of all comfort be with you in this time of sorest trial. My husband unites with me in this.

With deepest sympathy and much affection I subscribe myself

Your sincere friend,  
HELEN H. HOLCOMB.

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REV. J. H. BARROWS,  
PRESIDENT OBENLIN COLLEGE.

MY DEAR BEREAVED BROTHER:—Though *The Indian Witness* I have been made acquainted with your unspeakable affliction. The overwhelming loss which has

drawn to you such world-wide sympathy. Your sorrows touch me very closely. The missionary circle in Calcutta are very dear to me. Be sure that my family have remembered you in our prayer to the God of all comfort. Mrs. Barrows joins me in deepest sympathy for Mrs. Lee and yourself. Your resignation and gracious acceptance of God's will are a wonderful evidence of the proof of that Gospel which you have gone to India to proclaim.

Believe me, dear brother,  
Faithfully and affectionately yours,  
JOHN HENRY BARROWS.

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### Extracts of letters from friends who knew the Children.

W. ROSS, ESQ.,

SUPERINTENDENT OF GOVERNMENT PRINTING IN INDIA.

Mr. Ross had them often in his house while in Calcutta. He was a friend to whom the children were greatly attached.

*Edinburgh, Scotland, September 28th, 1899.*

MY DEAR MRS LEE :—I know you will not think I am claiming too much to share your sorrow with you and your husband. The dear children. Of all the little ones in India, they had the biggest place in my heart and I am glad to think I had a big place in theirs. It seems to-day as if my own had been stricken down. May the Infinite Comfort which you have been privileged to carry to others in bereavement be yours at this time is the prayer of all in this house.

Yours Sincerely,

WM. ROSS.

MRS. GORE,

An old Quaker lady, who once lived with the children, writes :

How the dear ones were looking forward to helping you in your work. Lois said one day, 'Sister Gore, when you read of some big things we children are doing some day in India, you will be glad you knew us, and spent a winter with us.' Yes, I am glad I knew them.

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MISSES FROST AND SIMPSON.

The following is from two lady evangelists in the United States, who were present when the two older girls were converted :

*Can* it be our darling Vida and Lois are gone from us in such a fearful way. I am all broken up and can hardly write to you as I think of it.

Vida was a rare child. I never saw her equal. We did love all your children and were interested in all that concerned them, but Vida had a place peculiarly her own, perhaps it was because in one sense she loved and trusted us perfectly—and yet, other children love and confide in us, but no child has ever had the place in our hearts like Vida. It was her own rare beautiful nature, her spirituality.

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MRS. J. E. ROBINSON.

This letter is from the wife of the Editor of the *Indian Witness*, showing how the children were loved by our missionaries in Calcutta. Their death was like a family grief to us all.

*46, Dharamtala St., November 29th, 1899.*

MY DEAR MRS. LEE :—Thank you very much for your kind invitation for the thanksgiving dinner on Thursday. We shall be very glad to come and thank God with you

for the precious memories of the dear ones. How I miss them every day I cannot tell you. But how wonderfully they have been just lifted into the beautiful life beyond, and I love to think of them there. It seems a fitting place for them—beyond the sin and sorrow of this world. I thank God every day that we ever knew them and for you

“’Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all”

and past memories are only a promise of future joy I believe.

I often tell Muriel that perhaps Esther talks to Jesus sometimes about her, and it is a very sweet thought to us both, to think of having friends before the throne.;

With a great deal of love,

Yours affectionately,

RETTA L. ROBINSON.

MISS GARDNER,

UNION MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF AMERICA.

Miss Gardner, who was a special friend of the boys, writes to Mrs. Lee, after having sent several telegrams :

How much it all means to you no one knows better than I do, who knew those dear children so well. I did so pray that God would spare Wilbur, but it was not His will, and so is not mine, and is not yours. I did not half realize how much I loved them. Their winning, coaxing ways, especially the boys, come to me over and over, night and day, and make me realize how great the desolation in your hearts. I could not read the account given by Wilbur before he joined the others. I try to think of them, as I know they are, brighter and happier than ever they were on earth, bright and happy as their lives were here, and I know you think of them that way, too, gone

on only a little while before. Believing as I do in the speedy coming of Christ, it seems only a little while.

Always yours in this hope,  
and the deepest sympathy and love,

SARAH GARDNER.

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MISS B. E. ROBINSON.

*88, Oakhill Ave, Delaware, Ohio.*

MY DEAR MRS. LEE:—The mail that brought the news of your great sorrow brought a sorrow to me. I don't need to tell you how I loved them all, from Vida down to dear little Esther. They always seemed like my own brothers and sisters.

Vida and I were like sisters and used to have such good times together. She was such a help to me and her sweet, Christian spirit will always be an inspiration to me. Dear Vida! how happy she must be now, and that thought takes all the sting out of the sorrow.

Lois, too, was such a dear, sweet child, always ready to help some one and to give a smile. She has all the music she wants now. I shall always love the guitar for Vida's sake, too.

Then there was Wilbur with his bright, boyish ways and his laughter-loving heart. I used to love to hear his hearty, infectious laugh; and Herbert, whom I always called "my little brother" especially. He and Wilbur used to play the violins so happily together, and—they have the harps now.

Then Ada and Esther whom I loved next to our own little Muriel. When I try to think of Calcutta and your home without the six dear ones, oh! I can't bear it. I never thought when I said good-by on the 27th of March that it was the last we would see of them.

Mrs. Lee, if you only knew how I would love to put my arms around you and ask you to let me hug you for the sake of the dear children. This sorrow has come so close to me.



It is lovely to know that they were all ready, and that they are so happy now. I believe that my life will be, and has been, better for having known and loved your dear ones, and I feel as if I will need to work harder than ever to make up for what dear Vida longed so much to do in the mission field.

Dear little Frank! how I would love to sister him.

Will you not think of me as one who loved your dear ones next to my own dear ones and as a second daughter as it were? If I were there and could, in a small measure, be another daughter to you, how gladly would I do it.

May the God of all comfort be your Guide and Stay—yours and Mr. Lee's—is my earnest prayer. With my sympathy, and love,

Ever lovingly and affectionately,  
BESSIE ELLICE ROBINSON.

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MRS. TOMORY, FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

My heart is sore for you when I think of your empty home and of those lovely children of yours. Of all your children I felt specially drawn to Lois, perhaps because I saw more of her than of the others. Just a short time before I left Darjeeling she and Ada came to a Band of Hope meeting. I had a long chat with Lois. When they were leaving, Lois put her arms around me and kissed me, saying, "I want to kiss some one as I cannot get my Mama."

May God be very near to you in these dark days.

We often pray for you and Mr. Lee.

With loving sympathy,  
I am, yours very sincerely,  
MARY C. TOMORY.

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MRS. BROCKWAY, LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

A friend of mine sitting behind the dear children in Church one day, inquired after service, "Who were those children with 'Holiness to the Lord' written so plainly on their faces?" This description fitted them exactly. From the day I saw them on their arrival in India, to the

last happy times we spent together in Darjeeling the impression left was a prayer that the same Holy Spirit, who was moulding these young lives so wondrously, would in like manner so deal with my own little ones in the far-off homeland.

J. CAMPBELL WHITE, ESQ.,  
SEC. OF THE COLLEGE Y.M.C.A., CALCUTTA.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS LEE:—I have just returned this morning from Mussoorie. A telegram was handed me from Mrs. White as I came in, saying, "We are safe." I cannot help thinking that your loved ones would like to send you a similar message this morning from the presence of the King; "Safe in the arms of Jesus."

After joining a search party in Darjeeling composed of a number of prominent men, who did all they could to find the bodies of the children, he writes:—

But we were glad we had gone, for we did all that seems possible to do, to find either the bodies or anything from the house.

It was a great blessing to me to be with you all during the closing days of Wilbur's presence here, and I feel that I shall always be a better man for the experiences I had. His own victory and yours were to me a fresh proof of the larger victory that God makes possible, to every one of us, in our daily life.

I was thinking much of you yesterday in connection with God's test to Abraham—Gen 22: 2, 12. God knew how severe the test was—"thy son—thine only son,—whom thou lovest":—and He knows in your case also.

Some of us feel unable to sympathize as we want to, because of our lack of experience. You will probably never meet any one who has had a greater sorrow, and you will therefore be prepared to sympathize, as few people can.

With fullest loving sympathy,  
Yours most sincerely,  
J. CAMPBELL WHITE.

GRANTHAM GIDDY, ESQ.

*Newcastle, N. S. Wales,**Australia, Dec. 18th, 1899.*

DEAR BROTHER AND SISTER LEE:—Yours of 10th Nov. to hand, together with the paper containing the sad, sad news. I can only partially realize its awful truth. To say that I am sorry and sympathize with you in sorrow, would very inadequately express my feelings in the matter.

When I looked at the paper, and the full import of its contents dawned upon me, I had to close it for some time, so little did I previously realize how strong was that strange mysterious bond which bound us. It seemed as if it were my own brothers and sisters that had been so suddenly called into the Master's more immediate presence.

On Sunday morning I spoke to our Sabbath School, and the teachers and scholars in the afternoon passed the enclosed letter of sympathy. As I spoke, I saw many of our scholars in tears, and after the meeting some of the little ones belonging to the Junior Endeavour Society got together, and, of their own accord, drafted and wrote the other note of sympathy. I feel that their death has been blessed to the lasting benefit of many in these parts. And did I say death!! Nay, rather, "Translation." The Master has called upon you to lay your costliest gift on the altar of sacrifice, and you have obeyed.

I have tried to express my deepest sympathy with you in your loneliness, and have failed, and so must leave you in the hands of the "sympathising Jesus," God bless you my Brother, God bless you my Sister!! and prosper the work of your hands. Many a little one in these parts remembers you at the Throne of Grace.

Yours in His service,

GRANTHAM GIDDY.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### THE LEES, AND THEIR WORK.

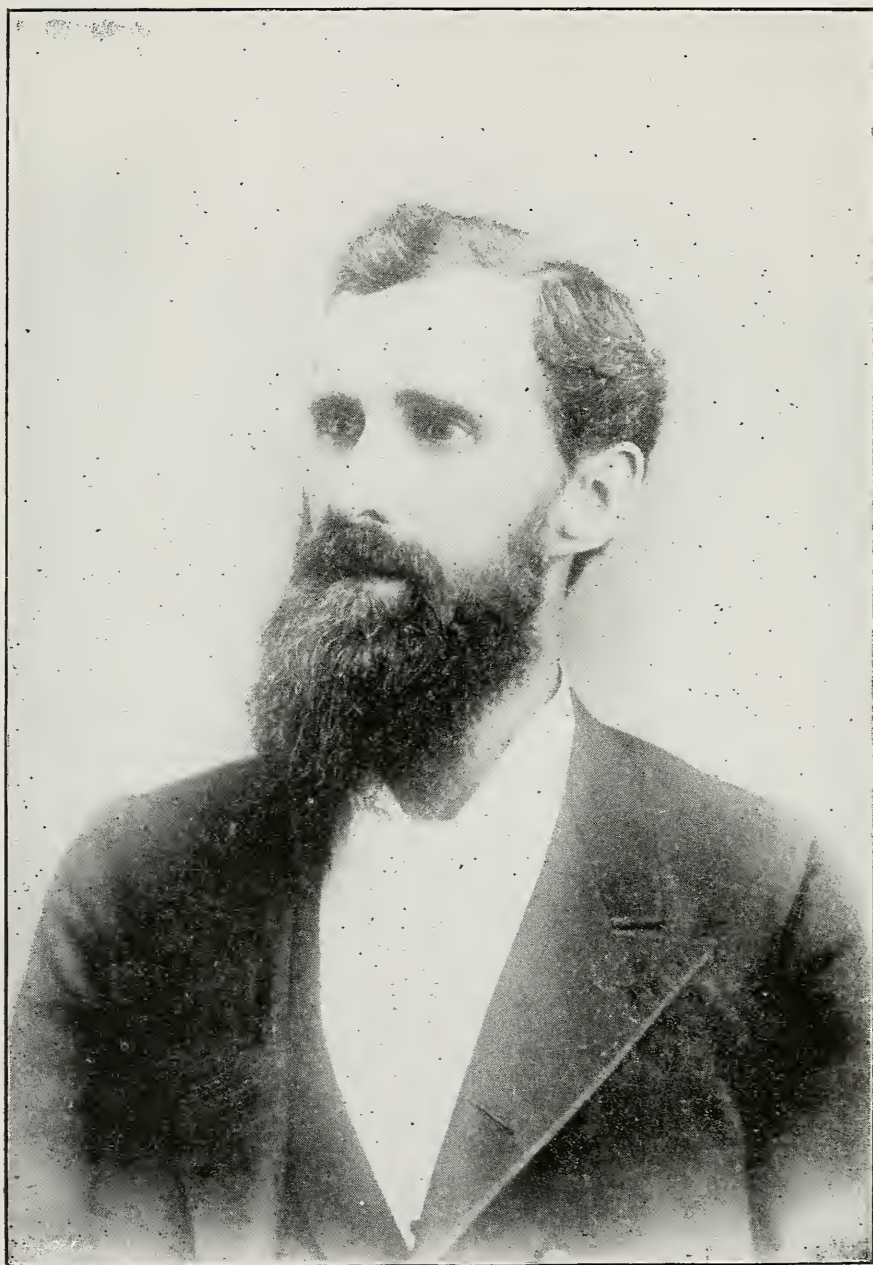
David H. Lee was born in Carroll County, Ohio, 1850. His father, Jonathan Lee, was a man eminent in the community for his deep piety and sterling Christian character. Young David was converted at eight years of age while kneeling in prayer with his godly mother, in the little old church on the hill, at Harlem Springs, Ohio.

Whilst his work has led him far from home to foreign lands, of this place he has often been heard to say :

There is a spot to me more dear,  
Than native vale or mountain ;  
A spot for which affection's tear  
Flows grateful from its fountain.

'Tis not where kindred souls abound,  
Though that were almost heaven ;  
But where I first my Saviour found,  
And felt my sins forgiven.

He was educated at Scio, Ohio,—at what was known then as the “one study university”—now Scio College.



Rev. D. H. LEE.





After preaching a year and a half in the North Ohio and Pittsburgh Conferences, Mr. Lee answered what he felt to be the call of the Spirit, and arranged to go to India as a missionary. He came out in connection with the pioneer work of the Methodist Episcopal Church, amongst the English-speaking people of India; and with no specified salary, shared some of the privations which are not now so necessary where the churches are built and the parsonages provide a home. He left home on the 2nd November with \$50, which went towards paying his fare.

William Taylor, afterward Bishop, who was then Superintendent of the Bombay and Bengal Mission, provided the fare from London to Bombay, where he landed on December 18, 1875. He was kindly received by the members of the mission then working in the city, among whom was the revered George Bowen.

After a few days in Bombay, Mr. Lee came to Calcutta, where J. M. Thoburn, now Bishop, was beginning his work amongst the English-speaking people of the city, following up what had been inaugurated by William Taylor. Thus he became associated with the beginning of the work of our church in Bengal.

His first appointment was, however, to Agra, where he preached regularly twice on the Sabbath, and also during the week, and was, in addition, principal of the Agra Collegiate School. At Bombay, in the end of the year 1876, the South India Conference was formed, embracing that part of India not then included in the North India Conference. Mr. Lee became one of the charter members of the South India Conference, and served in its different stations until February, 1883, when a failure in health compelled his return to America with his wife, (*née* Miss Jones of the Union Missionary Society) whom he married in 1881 whilst at Bangalore.

By permission I use here the following sketch of Mrs. Lee's life taken from the appendix of her popular book "Chundra Lela :"

"I was born among the hills of West Virginia, of poor, but hard working parents, and knew from the first what it was to suffer hardship. As early as possible I took my share of the daily toil. Very soon in life a longing, such as I can never describe, took possession of me to have an education. I have walked two miles in the deep snow day after day, over a rough road, to

get to the little school house which afforded the only opportunity for learning in our part of the country. God sent a man to teach that little school who did much to encourage and help me, and also to lead me to seek in God the help I needed most. He has since become a great preacher, but his work began in that little school house.

“I soon got all I could in our country schools, still I could not be content, and longed more than ever for greater opportunity than West Virginia then afforded her daughters.

“My mother used to say I never shirked my work for anything but books ; but no one could understand how hungry I was. Physically, I was frail ; in disposition, gloomy, unhappy and discontented ; yet God, in His mercy, led all the way through the darkness of these years.

“At the age of fourteen, an aunt came from Ohio to visit us, and offered to take me into her family if my father would let me go. Thus the way opened, and the fall of 1871, the time of the Chicago fire, found me attending college at Scio, Ohio. I worked for my board and studied as I could. I was so glad of the opportunity, I was willing to do anything that I might get

on with my studies. Yet God only knows what a shrinking, timid, miserable creature I was.

“During the revival held early in the year 1872, the great turning point came in my life. The music teacher of Scio college, a soul-seeker, said to me: ‘I am asking God to convert you at the beginning of these meetings, so you can help bring the other girls to Jesus.’ She was the first one who had ever put hope into my heart. Such a thing seemed too high for me—too good to be possible!

“A few days later I was under deep conviction—so wretched I could not study, work or sleep. In the evening meeting, when the minister invited seekers, I felt I must go or be lost. I went, alone, and was the first to go. On the second evening, after such darkness and agony of soul, as, may be, but few ever experience, I was wondrously saved! My conversion was like coming out of the blackest of darkness, where I had been chained, a condemned criminal, into the bright sunlight and glorious liberty of the children of God. How I praise God that He ever, in His mercy, found my poor soul!

“ At that time I promised God to do His will, and life from that day was beautiful ; and I, a changed, happy girl. The next three years were spent in college, planning for the future, doing what I could in the Church and Sunday School, seeing many of my class-mates and college friends converted. But soon a settled conviction came over me that God wished me to go as a missionary to India. The place I knew very little about, and the work I felt very unfit for and unworthy of.

“ I am sorry to say I fought against this conviction, more probably because I was afraid it was imagination, and yet, the more I fought, the farther away from God I seemed to get. In the meantime I finished school and tried to settle down to teaching. But God troubled me, upset my plans and sent me sorrow, to let me see how much I needed His grace. In the midst of my first grief, at the loss of a dear girl friend, I fell on my knees in submission to God and said, ‘ Oh, Lord, I will go anywhere, if Thou wilt with Thine own hand open up the way that I make no mistake, and give me Thy presence and love in full measure.’ I arose comforted, restful and happy, leaving it all with Jesus.

“One whom I had loved quietly, unknown to him or any one else for several years, and to whom I had always been true, was a young minister in the Pittsburg Conference, and had formed a large part of the sacrifice I made, when I told the Lord I was ready to give up all and go to India. What was my surprise, when, a few weeks later, I returned home from my school work, to be told that this same person was going to India under William Taylor (now bishop), and was to leave in a few days. I said “good-bye” and let him go away to India without ever telling him of the two years’ struggle and the consecration I had made.

“The next six months were days of waiting in which my faith was put to some severe tests. With my consecration I had asked God to open up the way with His own hand, and I had promised my mother I would never apply to any missionary society. I was back in the old homestead in West Virginia. Sometimes I wondered if I had been mistaken in the call, and would God ever open the way. One day after several weary weeks of suffering with typhoid fever, they all thought I was dying and were gathered about my bed.



“ A cold shiver passed over my frame, and I said to a dear aunt who was bending over me, ‘ Is this death ?’

“ She answered softly, ‘ Yes, dear. Are you afraid ?’

“ I said, ‘ *No.*’

“ And then God seemed to say to me, ‘ If you live, will you live for India ?’

“ I answered back, ‘ India or heaven, which ever be Thy will, Oh, my Father !’ Then what peace filled my soul !

“ A few moments later, God turned the whole course of that awful disease and I rapidly came back to health.

“ A short time afterwards, I was sitting alone in the veranda pondering these things and wondering when God would open the way.

“ Just then my uncle called to me from the road telling me he had a letter for me. The post-mark was ‘ New York ;’ the address in a strange hand-writing. I hurriedly broke the seal, feeling somehow it contained the light for which I was asking.

“ It was a letter from the now sainted Mrs. Doremus, of the ‘ Union Missionary Society,’ the first women’s society in America. She

stated that Dr. Thoburn, in passing through on his return to India, had handed her my name as a candidate for missionary work in India, and enclosed was the list of questions I was expected to answer.

“ I had never met Bishop Thoburn and knew very little about him, and how he had gotten my name I knew not. I afterwards found that he and my pastor at Scio had been school friends, and that the Bishop while visiting him had asked for young ladies likely to make missionaries, and from him obtained my name and address.

“ My age, as well as other things, were against me, as I was not twenty-one, but in spite of all I was accepted by the Society, and on Nov. 4th, Centennial year, I stepped on board the steamer bound for India, the happiest soul the sun ever shone upon.

“ Early in the voyage a deep conviction came over me of my unfitness for this holy calling. One of the parting gifts had been Dr. Steel’s ‘ Love Enthroned ;’ the more I read and prayed and thought, the more wretched I became. Notwithstanding my bright conversion, my Christian

life had been an 'up and down' sort of an experience ; a constant struggle with evil tempers.

"Other members of the party seemed to be convicted at the same time and two or three entered into the blessing of perfect love. But I got more wretched until I felt that unless I got a clean heart and could find a place of constant victory over sin, I could never go on to India to preach the gospel to her sad daughters.

"At Liverpool, a noble man of God—an officer in the India army—came on board as a passenger. His face shone with the love of Jesus. One day he handed me a slip of paper on consecration, and asked me if I could take each step it marked out, and if so, to sign it.

"Among other things were the words : "I take the Holy Spirit as my Sanctifier." I prayed all day, and was determined I would not sleep until I could conscientiously sign that paper. I was worn out, so threw myself on my bunk, saying, 'Oh Lord ! take temper and all else connected with sin and give me that for which my soul longs,' and a flood of peace came into my soul such as I could never describe.

“ I lay there singing softly to myself—

‘ The great Physician now is near,  
Jesus, blessed Jesus,’

until the waves of the Red Sea lulled me to sleep. I lived this life as best I understood it, for the first sermon I ever heard on sanctification was after I reached India, and preached by Bishop Thoburn. But oh ! how much God has had to teach me !

“ After reaching India, I began the study of the language, and to work among the Bengali women of Calcutta. For five years I went in and out among them, spending much of my time in their homes. God gave me to see some bright and definite conversions among the women in the zenanas. And yet how imperfectly I felt I did this work !

“ The two paths which sometimes had been so near each other and at other times so wide apart that oceans rolled between, at last came together. God plainly led me, and the *other* part of my life, until the *two* became one by *law*, who had been so long *one* in soul. Thus, after five years of missionary service, I was married to David H. Lee, not to leave our work, but united to work together for the salvation of India.

“Two years later, on account of my husband’s health, the Lord showed plainly He wished us to return to our native land.

“It was a sad day, the day I left Calcutta in a sailing vessel, with a wee baby in my arms and a sick husband by my side. It was a long, weary voyage of nearly four months, but our Father was still leading and brought us through storms and calms around the Cape of Good Hope, and safely home, at the cost of less than \$200, and that not missionary money, but sent in answer to prayer.

“India was on our hearts at home, and while we tried to do faithfully what was intrusted to us by the church there, our hearts used to long for India. I would dream about the imprisoned women in the zenanas, and of sitting among them, telling them of Jesus, and would awake so disappointed to find I was so far away from them. How I prayed and waited! God had to give me a mighty baptism of freedom and of power before I was ever able to speak in public.

“After receiving this, wherever I went I pleaded for the Bengali people, that the gospel might be sent to them, for while some of the

oldest mission stations are in this province, the millions are practically untouched. Wherever I told of the need of the people of India, God blessed me and persons became interested, but the different Societies said 'our old work fills our hands; we cannot enter new,' and wherever I turned, the way seemed blocked.

"God sent our children into our home, one after another; each one, in the eyes of the church and the world, making it more impossible than ever to return to India. Every one of them was, as soon as born, consecrated to God and laid on the altar of India.

"Whenever we spoke of our desire to return, we were commended for our interest and devotion to the work, but were frankly told that there was no money to send or support us. Still the burden was upon me, until one night, after much prayer, my Father assured me that my work was not done in India, and that He was able to send us the means.

"I astonished my husband next morning by telling him that I was going to trust God for \$20,000 for a missionary fund. Even he seemed a little doubtful, and thought I was beside myself, and would soon get over it, but



I never did. I went on praying day and night, asking God to use me in any way He saw best to gather it. It is wonderful how He led and blessed me.

“At first I held meetings, taking my baby with me, but soon the Lord showed me that He had another plan, and put it into my heart to write about the people and the work I loved.

“My first article was, ‘Jessudar, the Kidnapped Girl,’ and was published first in the *Western Christian Advocate*, and afterwards in many other papers. Money began to come through the mail, and many very dear friends have been found thus.

“In 1893, the sum had reached \$4,000, which came from persons of all denominations. One Sabbath, after weeks of earnest prayer, God gave me the answer in the verse—‘Commit thy way unto the Lord, trust also in him, and he will bring it to pass.’

“I was so sure it would come that I arose from my knees and wrote to my husband to get ready to return to India. I, at the same time, wrote to several friends saying I believed the remaining \$16,000 would soon come. In

less than two months afterwards a Christian gentleman gave the fund \$15,000!"

[Although this money has not yet been realized, the interest was paid for three years, which supported the Lees, and aided the work until the Lord raised up others, and the work goes on.]

"October, 1894, found the fund complete, and we and our six children on the good ship which carried us back to India. Our youngest, Esther Dennett, was a baby seven weeks old when we sailed from New York. It was with a heart full of thanksgiving to God for the privilege of going as His messenger to the lost ones, that I watched the 'Goddess of Liberty' fade in the distance, and again bade farewell to the dear home land. It was with joy of heart such as no words can express, that, after a voyage of six weeks, my eyes again looked upon the great plains, fern clad hills, and beautiful palm groves of dear, old India.

We believe God led us to begin our work in Calcutta, the metropolis of India, and a stronghold of idolatry. We live in the midst of the people and expect to spend the remainder of our lives for their salvation. Our one desire is to be completely in his hands that his will

and way may be accomplished through us.

“We are opening up different departments of work just as God sends it to us, trusting Him for all we need. We are asking God for good substantial buildings, and a part of the money for this has come; we know He will send the rest. Children come to us without bread, others flee for protection from the awful curse of child marriage; others who have been sold into sin turn to us to be led back into the path of virtue.

“Some wish to prepare to preach the gospel, both young men and women, and we have had much joy in being the link connecting a number of these worthy cases with God’s children at home, who feel specially led to educate these to represent them in India.

“To what proportions this work will grow we do not know. At present we have thirty-eight girls and sixteen boys in training. We take these trusting for their support. We believe this to be only the beginning of a great movement. There is no end to the evangelistic work among the hundreds of thousands of imprisoned zenana women of this city, and a vast field is open for “from house to house” medical work. The

number who suffer and die for want of proper treatment is appalling!

*“Eight millions die in India annually!”*

“Half of these are children who go home to Jesus. Of the other four millions ninety-nine out of every hundred go down to a Christless grave.

“Think of this great host of more than a quarter million marching into eternity from India every month without the gospel!”

The above was written by Mrs. Lee, at the request of a number of friends, in 1897. Since then their work has grown and opened up in many directions. They have in the Home and Training School over one hundred girls, besides about twenty boys.

During the past five years, twenty have gone out of the home into the work\* as teachers and Bible women. These teach in the schools and work in the zenanas—a work which has grown up around the home.

The Lees are now joining in the work of rescuing widows and children from the terrible famine. They have already taken in 30, which gives them a family of 150 souls. The Marwari widows saved from that famine district they

\* See Photo





Six Young Teachers from the Dennett Training School.





hope to train for Bible work, and through them to reach the Marwari people, of which there are thousands in Calcutta with no mission work among them.

They also are opening up work in new parts through workers trained in the home. Already they have an interesting work in the suburbs of the city, day schools for girls, and a night school for boys who work in the shops all day; also Sunday schools and preaching. Mr. Lee has many interesting cases of inquirers among the Hindu students, of whom Calcutta now has over 15,000.

They also contemplate starting a branch school out of the city where the industrial department can be more successfully worked.

Many friends seemed to fear that the Darjeeling disaster, which so suddenly crushed their home, would also crush them and they would be compelled to give up their work. But although the pruning has been most severe, God in his mercy has sent equal grace and strength, until, instead of crushing them, it has, we believe, better fitted them for this great work, and it has already given an impetus to the work itself it could not otherwise have had.

Many wonder at these friends and some have even said, "Oh, this mother does not realize her loss." But she herself says, "Some days it seems that the weight of that terrible mountain in Darjeeling is upon my heart, and would crush out my life. As I think of the four lovely forms of those dearer than my own life, crushed and buried by it, and of the other two lying in the cemetery on the other side of the hill, it seems impossible to live.

"There is another baby grave in the beautiful home land, making seven in Heaven, and *one* darling left to share our loneliness. When the evening tide comes, the longing to hear their footsteps and their ringing laugh is greater than words can express. But I quickly turn away from these thoughts and with a cry, only Jesus can understand, I look to him and he just seems to lift me above earth, and the loneliness and weariness (for the weariness caused by fighting sorrow is different from all other kinds).

"I sometimes seem to be all but in the heaven land and see the loved ones so joyous and happy, that before I know it I seem to be sharing with them in the victory. The one

heart desire of these days has been that God's purpose in all this stupendous mystery might be fulfilled in me.

“So much has been accomplished already. It has enabled me to see life as never before, and to see my own weakness and nothingness. It also has put heaven in the right light—the one thing for which to live.

“The Bible has become a new book, and its promises are my food and drink. Oh, how my soul feasts on them. Jesus has become my all in all as never before—and to *know* him, whom to know aright is life eternal, has become my one study—and to be blameless in his sight my one aim.

“‘Only one day at a time—and one to please.’ Now while, with redoubled energy, I work to make Jesus known to those about me; and the desire to save as many as possible of his little ones in this heathen land, has become greater; still in it all I live like unto one who waits for his Lord. And while it seems almost impossible to rejoice and sing as once I did, my heart wells up with gratitude to God for his mercy in sparing to me my husband and our precious baby Frank, and permitting me the joy of still living for them and the work.

“ But above all I praise Jesus for himself and for the fulfillment of his promise : ‘ Lo, I am with you always ’ and for his saving power. So I rest in him and leave the future in his hands, but I have joy in the thought that one of these days the end will come. “ The silver cord will break.” Then I shall see Him whom my soul loveth and shall have the unspeakable joy of presenting to him those whom he *gave* me and those also whom he sent me to bring from India.”

Some day the silver cord will break,  
And I no more as now shall sing.  
But, oh, the joy when I shall wake  
Within the palace of the King !

Some day my earthly house will fall  
I cannot tell how soon 'twill be,  
But this I know, my all in all  
Has now a place in heaven for me.

Some day, when fades the golden sun,  
Beneath the rosy-tinted west,  
My blessed Lord shall say “ Well done ! ”  
And I shall enter into rest.

Some day ; till then I'll watch and wait,  
My lamp all trimmed and burning bright  
That when my Saviour opens the gate,  
My soul to Him may take its flight.

*Chorus.*—Then I shall see him face to face,  
And tell the story saved by grace.

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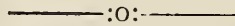
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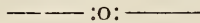
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